JANUARY 1963

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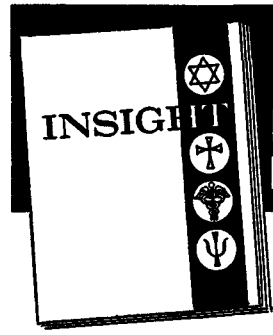

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Commentary

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VOLUME 35

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COMMENTARY is published monthly by the American Jewish Committee ● Single copy 60¢; $7 a year; 2 years $12; 3 years $17 ● No extra Canadian or foreign postage charge ● Editorial & Business offices: 165 East 56th Street, New York 22 ● Printed at 10 McGovern Avenue, Lancaster, Pa. by Business Press, Inc. ● Second class postage paid at Lancaster ●

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Post-Bourgeois Europe

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

INSOFAR AS Western Europe is beginning to resemble the United States—in respect to income levels, social fluidity, and the breakdown of inherited class and caste structures—its society begins to reproduce some of the patterns of a modern industrial democracy with which Americans are familiar. Concurrently, there arises the problem of reshuffling the traditional division into agrarian-conservative, bourgeois-liberal, and labor-socialist (or communist) parties. These divisions stem from the "first industrial revolution," and are now in part outmoded, at any rate in the more advanced regions of Western Europe. The traditional class structure—landed proprietors, bourgeois owners of industry and commerce, industrial proletariat—which underlies the familiar Marxist three-class model, has begun to dissolve under the impact of technological change and social upheaval. At the same time, the role of the state has changed; from an "executive committee of the bourgeoisie" (in Marx's familiar phrase—originally coined in 1848, when Louis Philippe was on the throne of France's "bourgeois monarchy") it has turned into the arbiter of a society in which capital and labor confront each other as equals, while the growing technocratic and managerial stratum aspires to the coordinating role. Hence the problem of formulating a political doctrine that responds to the altered situation without renouncing traditional attachments.

The issue is not altogether novel. In a sense it has been troubling political theorists since the early years of the century, which was also the time when the European socialist movement first made the acquaintance of "revisionist" doctrines. But it was only after World War II that thinking really began to catch up with the facts. Even now we still lack an adequate theory of how industrial democracy operates, or can be made to operate, in the age of world-wide economic planning; but we are at least beginning to acquire the rudiments of one. It is, for example, becoming evident that the state can no longer be thought of either as a policeman "holding the ring" while competing private interests slug it out in the market place, or as the instrument of the possessing class in control of the means of production. Such notions—more or less adequate in the 19th century, when the first industrial revolution made its impact on Europe—simply will not do in present-day circumstances. A fully developed industrial democracy, with mass organizations barely controllable by an elite of elected leaders, cannot be adequately described in terms derived from classical liberal philosophy. But neither is the traditional socialist doctrine altogether operative in an environment which in many respects resembles that foreseen by Saint-Simonians and Marxians. It is just because so many of their predic-

GEORGE LICHTHEIM'S last previous article, in April, was "The New Europe"—the title, also, of his book, soon to be issued by Praeger. The present piece forms a section of that book. Mr. Lichtheim is a contributing editor.

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tions have come true—not, as is sometimes argued, because things have worked out differently—that socialist doctrines have begun to wear a somewhat antiquated look. As a theory of how the industrial revolution would progressively destroy the inherited class structure, socialism—like positivism, which was conceived at the same time, in the 1830's and 1840's—has fully justified itself. Where in recent years it has begun to falter is in its ability to render a coherent account of what is now beginning to be called "the second industrial revolution."

THE CONCEPT of industrial society is indeterminate as between the rival economic systems of capitalism and socialism, and for this reason tends to be looked upon with some suspicion by economists and politicians alike. Considering the frequent misuse of an allegedly neutral and "value-free" sociology to underpin conclusions agreeable to the defenders of the status quo, this mistrust cannot be described as unjustified. Nonetheless, there is a sense in which an industrial society can be said to have a structure peculiar to it. There is no need to inquire whether societies should be regarded as "organic wholes," or indeed whether the economic "base" can be clearly differentiated from the "social superstructure." There are alternative ways of looking at such matters, but as long as all concerned are agreed that the concepts of "growth" and "evolution" are applicable to the totality of the system, it does not matter much in what language we express the intuition that the "whole" has a specific mode of functioning. The difficulty lies rather in determining the particular historical stage which has been reached at a given moment as a result of some major political upheaval coinciding with a basic change in the underlying social texture. The impact of the two world wars on European society appears to mark a genuine "historical change," inasmuch as it hastened the collapse of the old pre-1914 social order, which broadly speaking rested upon a symbiosis of bourgeois and pre-bourgeois elements, with the latter generally in control of the state.

The significance of this fact is open to various interpretations, depending on whether one accepts the notion that bourgeois society is not a completely self-sustaining organism but requires political rule by a non-bourgeois stratum for the most part drawn from the ancient territorial nobility or the bureaucracy and its hangers-on. This problem is not peculiar to Europe. It has its counterpart in Latin America (though not in the United States). But for historical reasons it is of primary importance to West Europeans, because Western Europe is the only part of the world to have evolved a fully developed bourgeois-capitalist society on the ruins of a feudal past. For the same reason, it is the only continent where authentic conservative, liberal, and socialist (or communist) parties genuinely confront one another. Elsewhere, one or the other of these elements is commonly missing. Thus the United States has not so far evolved a socialist labor movement (though Australia has done so, and Canada seems about to follow suit), while in some pre-industrial countries, parties or movements bearing the socialist label are plainly no more than organizations of the political elite, quite unconcerned with the interests of the working class (which may not even be in existence). The extreme case—but one which by now is not at all uncommon—is that of a "socialist" movement in fact spearheading a capitalist form of economic development. One may hazard a guess that in a good many, if not all, backward countries, this particular form of delusion or self-delusion ("ideology" in the strict Marxist sense) is likely to have a fairly lengthy run. To the despairing question "How can we sell capitalism to the masses?" the obvious answer would appear to be: "By calling it socialism."

Such stratagems need not be conscious; they are indeed more likely to be success-

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ful if the exponents of the official creed are in good faith. But for obvious reasons they can work only in backward countries and with fairly unsophisticated electorates (if indeed there is any intention of consulting the voters at all). Where democracy and literacy have already had a trial run, most people are likely to see through such conscious or unconscious maneuvers, whereby the political elites seek to mobilize support for industrialization policies that must initially demand heavy sacrifices, notably from the peasantry. A relatively backward country that introduces the apparatus of parliamentary democracy *before* industrialization is complete may find that while the ruling elite of army officers, politicians, and intellectuals is on the side of forced-draft modernization, the peasant voters will have none of it. In a situation of this kind the elite then faces the awkward choice of scrapping either democracy or modernization. Turkey is a case in point. In such cases, if the ruling minority decides to press on with modernization against the will of the backward majority, it may find it necessary to seek a legitimation in "socialism." Its political doctrine will then be undemocratic and may come to bear some resemblance to either fascism or Stalinism—as the case may be—though in point of fact it simply serves to spell industrialization, quite possibly laying the foundation of a subsequent development along fairly ordinary capitalist lines.

This particular problem clearly belongs to the typology of backwardness. In non-Soviet Europe it is of importance only in Turkey, Yugoslavia, Greece, and the Iberian peninsula. Western Europe proper—including Italy, which suffered its last relapse under Fascism—has moved out of the range of forced-draft modernization, and into an era of rapid self-sustained progress under conditions where industrialization begins to pay dividends. In a situation of this kind, the only real threat to political stability comes from mass unemployment (which hits the workers) and/or inflation (which affects primarily the salaried middle class). Political alignments consequently tend to shape themselves around the twin issues of full employment and monetary stability. In a fully industrialized society, "conservatism" signifies not defense of pre-capitalist interests (e.g., in agriculture), but rather the maintenance of middle-class values and standards such as home ownership, educational privileges, and various amenities associated with possession of individual property. "Liberalism" may come to stand for economic planning—a far cry from Cobdenite or Gladstonian orthodoxy. "Socialism" signifies concern for the status of lower-paid wage earners, while the historic goal of superseding "private ownership of the means of production" is tacitly abandoned, at any rate so long as the economy maintains full employment. The classical case is Scandinavia under Social Democratic management, but Britain and the remainder of Western Europe show signs of following suit.

Under circumstances of this sort, with growing wealth making for political quiescence, socialism loses its revolutionary edge, so that it is finally left to a minority of syndicalists and other enthusiasts to keep the pure flame of faith burning. It is, however, misleading to attribute this change in the political climate to *embourgeoisement* on the part of the workers or their leaders. The fact is that a society of this kind, though it may still be capitalist, cannot any longer be described as bourgeois.

IN CONTEMPORARY Western Europe, the common ground occupied by social classes and political parties is the welfare state. This term is to be understood as signifying something beyond the enactment of legislation on public housing, unemployment compensation, progressive taxation, and other measures designed to equalize incomes and guarantee a minimum of social stability. Basically, it relates to the maintenance of full employment in a "mixed

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economy" which is still capitalist in the sense that the majority of investment decisions are made by private firms. Compared with the 1930's, when the unregulated market economy collapsed all over the Western world, the change is twofold. In the first place, the authorities now acknowledge their responsibility for maintaining something like full employment; secondly, the expansion of the public sector, plus governmental control over the central banks, enables them to adopt counter-cyclical measures, even if "business" (i.e., the private sector) lacks the necessary confidence to invest. A structure of this type is still basically a market economy, in that most decisions are decentralized and made by private individuals; but government intervention restricts the free play of the market in the interest of social stability and an adequate rate of growth. Income redistribution, through taxation and expansion of the social services, has the twofold object of ensuring economic growth and limiting inequalities. The rationale of this policy stems from the recognition that the traditional large disparities in income are no longer needed to provide the savings necessary for capital investment. This role is now increasingly shouldered by the state and by institutional saving of a kind not dependent on private wealth. The welfare state thus rests upon a mixed economy in which the public sector is large enough to set the pace for the kind of growth rate which society considers desirable.

The European boom of the 1950's and 1960's has been in part at least attributable to the adoption of this degree of conscious control over the economy; so, on the other hand, has the inflationary pressure which has now become the chief obstacle to balanced growth. The mixed economy sets targets which are difficult to reconcile: full employment, high investment, equitable income distribution, democratic decision-making, and price stability. The tug between public and private interests, and at a remove between rival political parties, turns upon the issue of achieving a proper balance. In principle, there is nothing in this picture that does not apply to the United States as well as to Western Europe. America led the world in the great depression of the 1930's and in the subsequent introduction of full employment and welfare measures (though it took the war to lift the economy out of its stagnation). Since 1946, the United States has been officially committed to the goal of maintaining a condition of more or less full employment. Yet for reasons having to do with the socio-political texture—notably the greater prestige of the business community as compared with Europe—the change-over to Keynesian, or welfare-state, economics has been half-hearted, while the West European governments have consciously adopted the mixed economy as the guideline of public policy. (Even West Germany has done so in fact, though not in form.)

THE KEYNESIAN doctrine that an unregulated market economy will tend to equilibrate at a level below the maximum —or even the optimum—employment of capital and labor is not seriously challenged in Europe, and since mass unemployment is no longer politically tolerable, the governments concerned have more or less consistently adopted the necessary measures to ensure a rate of investment adequate to a state of (almost) full employment. Such measures do not necessarily entail regular budget deficits, but they do make for a level of public spending that precludes a return to low taxation; they also demand a constant effort at income redistribution so as to maintain purchasing power. The record shows that when not upset by wars leading to sudden price fluctuations, the system can cope with inflation while maintaining a rapid rate of growth. The secret of success is public control, not the automatism of the market, which by itself tends toward cyclical depressions and a rate of growth significantly below the optimum level.

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Intellectually, the mixed economy is validated by the Keynesian orthodoxy in economics; politically, it corresponds to the pressures generated by a democracy with a strong organized labor movement. And since it is indeterminate as between capitalism and socialism, it can be operated by conservatives, liberals, and socialists alike. Stability is guaranteed as long as the parties respect the principle of balance between the public and private sectors of the economy, with the authorities reserving the right to lay down the general guidelines demanded by public opinion (or, what comes to the same, enforced by the mechanism of majority rule in a democracy). If labor is in power, the system acquires a "laboristic" bent which, however, does not alter its character sufficiently to make it possible for socialists to feel quite at home with it. Laborism is not socialism, though it tends in that direction. In itself it represents a compromise solution whereby society consents to leave the principal means of production—though not essential public utilities such as railways and power stations—in private hands, on the tacit understanding that the regulated market economy will conduce to a state of full, or almost full, employment. Governmental imposition of a growth rate adequate to this purpose follows from the discovery—now scarcely denied any longer by reputable economists—that the market economy by itself tends to stabilize below the full employment level.

It hardly needs emphasis that all this relates only to highly industrialized, and fully democratic, societies. Under pre-industrial conditions, state intervention has an altogether different function, though the difference is veiled by the current habit of describing as "socialist" both the welfare state in advanced and the authoritarian state in backward countries. In the latter, state control of the economy aims at speeding the process of industrialization, whereas in a fully developed welfare democracy of the Western type, the need for central control of the market economy arises from the maturity of an industrial society which has outgrown the liberal stage.

There is indeed a common factor linking the two types, inasmuch as in both cases it is the failure of the market to sustain a high rate of growth that compels the intervention of the public authorities. In this rather general sense, the imposition of central planning in pre-industrial countries can be described as "socialist," though in the long run it may lead to the emergence of a "normal" capitalist market economy. But for theoretical purposes the two cases must be rigorously distinguished, if only because anti-democratic movements feed on the confusion engendered by describing as "socialist" any and every form of state control, no matter what its political content.

IF WESTERN democratic socialism is in question, it should be plain that industrial maturity is among its preconditions, just as it should be evident that "socialist" dictatorships are a concomitant of backwardness. The kind of socialism appropriate to industrial society is democratic, and conversely the mixed economy that responds to democratic pressures under conditions of industrial maturity has a socialist, or socializing, bent: not—as conservative writers, following Schumpeter and Hayek, tend to assert—because the intellectual climate is hostile to private enterprise, but rather because the private sector is seen to play a subordinate part in mobilizing society's economic resources and ensuring a sufficiency of aggregate demand. The fact that this particular problem arises under conditions of full industrial maturity—i.e., after the phase of "primitive accumulation of capital" has been left behind—naturally alters the character of the debate between defenders and critics of the market economy. Controversy between liberals and socialists occurs not before but *after* liberal democracy has stabilized itself, and it concerns the problem of safeguarding

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individual and group freedoms within an increasingly planned and centralized economy.

Terminology apart, this debate has little in common with the argument over dictatorial rule in backward countries, where "surplus value" has to be squeezed out of a reluctant peasantry for the purpose of financing industrial construction. "Socialization in a state of maturity," to employ Schumpeter's phrase, is a problem peculiar to cultures that have passed beyond this primitive stage. This is the ultimate reason why arguments between Eastern Communists and Western Socialists tend to be fruitless: even where both sides employ Marxian language, they are not talking about the same thing.

To stay for a moment longer with the mixed economy and the welfare state: for all the latter's socializing tendencies, it differs radically from a genuinely socialist system, in that the public authorities do not themselves engage in production, but rather act to provide markets for commodities produced by privately owned industry and farming. To the extent that this distinction obtains, even Yugoslavia under a self-styled Communist regime is not completely socialist. It is, however, unnecessary for a socialist system to dispense with pricing and the market. The fact that this has been done in the USSR proves nothing except the mental rigidity of the planners. Likewise, there is no need for socialist authorities to do away with private farming. In principle it would be possible for the Soviet government to restore private property in agriculture (and in small-scale manufacturing and trade) without compromising the socialist character of the system. That this is not being done has no relevant cause except doctrinal fanaticism, and its sole result is to promote inefficiency and irrationality.

A socialist system is compatible with a market economy, provided the basic decisions are made by the planners and provided the public sector is dominant, which in practice means that it must embrace large-scale industry and banking. Conversely, the mixed economy in Western Europe is not socialist while governments merely act to ensure a high level of aggregate demand, thus providing the fuel for private investment. As long as capital accumulation proceeds primarily under private control, one cannot speak of socialism. The proper designation of political parties operating a democratic welfare state of this kind is "laborist" rather than "socialist," and the British Labor party has shown wisdom in retaining its traditional appellation, though it could equally well style itself "Social Democratic" without misleading anyone. After all, the German and Scandinavian Social Democrats have long made it plain that the operation of a mixed economy through democratic controls defines the kind of society they want to maintain.

TENSIONS ARISE at this stage of social evolution that are common to all mixed societies, whether governed by conservative, liberal, or laborist parties. Basically, they arise from the unsolved problem of establishing a social mechanism whereby conflicting sectional claims can be harmonized without damage to the public interest. By itself, the market economy cannot organize more than the material forces of society. Since these forces are not harmonious, they have to be arbitrated, and once the welfare state is in being, the role of arbiter falls to the government. The great economic interests are so many "solidarity blocs" pressing their sectional claims upon the authorities.

Under 19th-century liberalism this problem solved itself automatically in favor of the business class, which was virtually in control of the market economy and could inflict crises of "confidence" and mass unemployment upon society whenever its claims were disregarded. Under welfare-state democracy, with capital and labor confronting each other as equals or near-equals, their sectional bargaining tends to promote constant inflationary

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pressures unless the government steps in. Inflation benefits the strongest sectors—monopolistic industry and the most powerful labor unions—at the expense of the weaker and more numerous members of society. Wage and price increases emerging from the inflationary spiral may even make consumer goods too expensive for the mass of buyers and thus precipitate the familiar cyclical depression due to insufficient demand. If the traditional disciplines of competition and unemployment are no longer adequate to restrain sectional conflicts in a fully democratized society, the public authorities have to step in and impose price and wage controls. Hence the extreme sensitiveness of labor movements to the issue of a wages policy, without which the system cannot be operated.

In the long run it may indeed be to the advantage of trade unions and labor parties to take the initiative in formulating such a policy, which is anyhow in tune with the central tenets of socialism. But it is precisely at this point that socialist doctrine and laborist interest fail to harmonize. Nothing sounds more reasonable than to say that society must, in the last resort, decide how it wants to remunerate miners, nurses, policemen, etc; but in practice, "society" boils down to the government of the day/or the central planning authorities, however democratically controlled. By what criterion—other than that of the market, which may no longer be effective—does one decide how much more a schoolteacher should be paid than a street cleaner? It is because Western industrial society is free and democratic that the operation of a planned economy raises problems quite unheard of in lands where freedom is merely a name.

AN INABILITY to perceive these facts is among the marks of Soviet theorizing, which still operates with the concept of bourgeois-proletarian class conflict, as though nothing had happened since 1914. The obverse of this mistake is made by those interpreters of the "conventional wisdom"—with American academics well to the fore—who discuss the welfare state as though it merely signified (in the words of a recent Twentieth Century Fund *Survey of Western Europe*) "government responsibility for assuring to all citizens a standard of living at a 'health and decency' level and basic security against life's economic hazards." Although these aims have consistently figured in the literature of Fabianism and "collectivist liberalism" since before 1914, it does not follow that they adequately describe the present state of affairs in Western Europe. (They may designate the current aims and limitations of American liberalism, but that is a different matter.)

In reality, social welfare legislation and income redistribution are aspects of a socialization process that circumscribes the operation of the market economy. The other half of this process is constituted by the expansion of public ownership, and by the deliberate establishment of a balance between the public and private sectors. What underlies the whole movement is the persistent tension between social and market values, with the former gradually getting the upper hand. It is misleading to describe this (as is done by the authors in question) by saying that "the proletariat at the base of the income pyramid and the idle rich at the peak have both disappeared, and people everywhere are acquiring middle-class habits and attitudes along with middle-class incomes." This is the language of political propaganda. The "idle rich" never mattered to anyone but sensational journalists, and the disappearance of the proletariat does not turn the working class into a middle class. (If it is in the "middle," who is at the bottom?) Least of all does it follow that industrial society retains a "bourgeois" complexion. There cannot be a bourgeoisie without a proletariat, and if the one is fading out, so is the other, and for the same reason: modern industrial society does not require either for its operation. It is useless to pretend that one can have bourgeois society

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without classes, or a differently stratified society in which everyone belongs (a) to the middle class, (b) to no class at all. Yet American sociology seems largely devoted to the hopeless task of affirming both these contradictory propositions at once. It thus threatens to become the inverted mirror image of the Soviet theorizing it is trying to combat.

THE reality is that contemporary industrial society is increasingly "post-bourgeois," the 19th-century class structure tending to dissolve along with the institution of private entrepreneurship on which it pivoted. Hence the uncertainty that afflicts so much of current political thinking. The "crisis of socialism" is also a "crisis of liberalism," not to mention the conservative defenders of pre-industrial traditions, which indeed are now virtually identified with backward countries. In Western Europe proper, "conservatism"—whether on the British Tory model or the corresponding Christian Democratic formations in Continental Europe—is in principle classless rather than aristocratic, and in practice a defensive organization of the old and new middle classes. Like other political movements it is torn between the conflicting claims of social and market values, though the dominant role of the business community within the middle class tends to weight the scales persistently in one direction. Conversely, the evolution of the traditional socialist movement since 1945 has proceeded along the lines of transforming it into an alliance of organized labor and a section of the professional middle class, with the technical intelligentsia as its core. It is this realization that distinguishes modern socialism from the pre-1945 variety, and causes political figures like Mr. Gaitskell or M. Mendès-France to present so strange an appearance against the background of cloth-capped class consciousness typical of the traditional labor movement.

If the foregoing remarks deal primarily with the conflicting claims of liberal and socialist theorizing, the reason is that one cannot seriously speak of a conservative sociology (setting aside the traditional Catholic doctrine, whose practical application appears for the moment to have run aground amid the sandbanks and shallows of the "corporate state"). Western European Christian Democracy is a "solidarity bloc" of middle-class and peasant interests, held together by the desire to slow down the tempo of social change so as to make it tolerable to those concerned, plus a left wing of Catholic labor unions with quasi-socialist tendencies. Its doctrine is necessarily eclectic, though on the whole democratic. Elsewhere, conservatism presents itself as an amalgam of traditional pre-industrial and modern big-business attitudes. The "thinking" it inspires is of the kind associated with privileged classes all over the world: mountains labor and bring forth the status quo.

It would be unprofitable to inquire into the rationale of British Toryism since the end of Empire deprived it of its traditional *raison d'être,* and in any case it does not possess a distinctive theory of modern society. The same may be said of other conservative parties committed to the defense of traditional hierarchies and established values. Gaullism makes a partial exception: its intellectual spokesmen appear to be moving toward a doctrine in which technocratic echoes mingle with authoritarian notions of planning and state control. They seem at least to have grasped the fact—apparently still concealed from their liberal critics—that parliamentary government of the classical kind is no longer feasible. At this point they encounter their left-wing opponents, who are likewise committed to central planning, though with more emphasis upon popular participation. On the whole, conservative parties and schools of thought appear uncertainly suspended between pre-liberal and post-liberal attitudes and modes of thought.

At the extremes, fascist slogans of elite rule, and Communist harping on the class

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struggle, set up a minor cacophony of discordant noises. For all their verbal ruthlessness, these totalitarian movements are beginning to look somewhat dated when set against the backdrop of contemporary Western society, though they are still capable of impressing and confusing the intellectual elites of backward countries. Of the two, fascism derives some short-term advantage from its traditional association with nationalism, but fails all the more decisively in the long run. Its intellectual equipment is anyhow too meager to warrant serious consideration. The rival totalitarian movement is in temporary disarray, Stalinism having been discredited, at any rate in Western Europe, which leaves the Communist party with the problem of bringing its petrified doctrine up to date.

We are thus left with the difference between liberal and socialist theories of what has been happening to Europe's traditional structure, and with the political philosophies respectively derived from classical liberalism and 19th-century socialism —the latter of course primarily Marxian, though not exclusively so. It is beginning to look as though the mixed economy may become the forerunner of something resembling a genuinely planned one, but it does not necessarily follow that democratic socialists will be any happier than liberals with some of the political consequences of this evolution. Leaving aside the Soviet orbit, which is perhaps too immature politically and economically to count for our purpose—many of its problems of growth seem due to lack of capital and similar marks of underdevelopment—it is still possible to say that, despite the rise of central planning, democratic forms of public life have been preserved and even strengthened.

It cannot be denied, however, that there has in recent years been a remarkable outcrop of technocratic tendencies—notably in such unlikely places as France. By technocracy is meant a tendency for authoritarian regulation of economic life, of a kind that is not, properly speaking, either liberal or socialist, and whose pivotal elements are neither employers nor industrial workers, but the planners themselves and their hangers-on, plus the managerial stratum as a whole. If this tendency should continue unchecked, state control may come to mean—temporarily anyhow—the rule of a new privileged stratum (not a "class," and certainly not a "new class," but rather a political elite with technical functions and a near-monopoly of specialized knowledge). This would be a curious gloss on some of the utopias we have been promised. The awkward thing is that such a state of affairs might even have to be regarded as "historically progressive" (whatever that may mean) while it lasts. So far, this is no more than a rather large cloud on the horizon. It will probably depend on the political maturity of democratic electorates whether the threat materializes.

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CHARLES ABRAMS

THE HOUSING ORDER & ITS LIMITS

ON NOVEMBER 20, 1962—as the entire nation listened to hear the outcome of two events, either of which might have touched off a world war—President Kennedy read a prepared statement announcing that he had signed an Executive Order banning discrimination in federally aided housing. Thus more than two years after attacking his Republican predecessor for failing to end housing discrimination "with the stroke of a pen," Mr. Kennedy finally made good on his own promise to do so. Yet when the provisions of the Order appeared in the press and the flurries of praise and protest had settled down, two questions still remained to be answered. First, what were the forces that had caused Mr. Kennedy to wait so long before taking an action which he had conceded to be "sound, public constitutional policy" from the outset? And second, what would the Order actually accomplish?

The reasons for the delay in the signing are tied up with a difficult ethical and political issue which arose in 1935 when the federal government first put its power and credit behind the mortgage and home building industries. Until then home building had been an entirely private undertaking of a real estate fraternity which looked upon discrimination as a necessary element of sound business and which therefore spawned racial covenants throughout the country and threatened to expel any realtor who sold a house to an unwelcome buyer. Such practices could be countenanced so long as the real estate transaction remained private, but when after 1935 the government began to insure mortgages, to finance savings and loan associations, and to dole out federal credit to builders, the question came up as to whether these government-assisted enterprises should be required to abide by the same ethics of color-blindness and nondiscrimination which properly apply to government itself.

Government housing officials, however, perhaps because they were recruited from the real estate fraternity itself,* refused to pay any heed to this question. Not only did they allow builders and lenders to discriminate, but, from 1935 to 1950, they insisted upon discriminatory practices as a condition of government aid. The Federal Housing Administration's official

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* As the late Herbert U. Nelson, the Executive Vice President of the National Association of Real Estate Boards told a Senate Committee in 1950: "We put several hundred of our people, whom we found and persuaded to go into government service, into positions where they could give their services."

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manuals cautioned against "infiltration of inharmonious racial and national groups," "a lower class of inhabitants," or the "presence of incompatible racial elements" in the new neighborhoods. "The social class of the parents of children at the schools" was declared to have a vital bearing on whether a neighborhood was "stable." A neighborhood was to be considered less desirable if inhabited by "a lower level of society." (FHA added, however, that this could be remedied by having the children "attend another school with pupils of their same social class.") Stables and pigpens were put by FHA into the same category as a section occupied by the "wrong" race. Zoning was advocated as a device for exclusion and the use was urged of a racial covenant (prepared by FHA itself) with a space for the prohibited races and religions left blank, to be filled in by the builder as occasion required.*

The Home Loan Bank System—the federal agency which regulates savings and loan associations—urged similar practices, while a confidential report by the National Housing Agency (predecessor of the present Housing and Home Finance Agency) contained a foreword describing as a "first approach" the exclusion of "the clannish gregarious foreign-born groups, of religious groups, of social groups, and, most important of all, of the great contained and semi-contained groups of Negroes and Jews."

For fifteen years, then—a period in which some 15,000,000 homes were built—federal housing agencies pursued a concerted, relentless, and officially sanctioned drive to keep people living only near their own kind and to get them to oppose intrusions by anybody who was different. Federally approved racial covenants soon covered the greater part of suburbia; neighborhoods were divided into those of the elite and the unwanted; and intolerance gained such rapid headway that men in high national office now saw nothing wrong in signing restrictive covenants, one of the most popular of which barred not only Negroes, but Jews, Armenians, Persians, and Syrians.

It was not until 1946—by which time the Negro who had been moving northward had become the main target of exclusionary devices, though discrimination continued against other groups as well—that the leading national civic, racial, and religious organizations became fully aware of the implications of the situation. As a result of this new awareness, thirty-seven such organizations eventually joined together in the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, and pressure began to mount for local and state laws banning discrimination in publicly aided undertakings. In 1950, the first important state law barring discrimination in subsidized operations was won in New York, adding to the progress that had been made when the Supreme Court banned enforcement of the racial covenant in 1948 and President Truman subsequently forbade its use in FHA undertakings. FHA was reluctant, but it had no choice other than to comply.

Yet the elimination of the written racial covenant from FHA manuals after 1950 by no means entailed the elimination of racial and religious discrimination from the field of housing. Not only did the federal housing agencies fail to ban discriminatory practices by making their absence a condition of federal aid, but they ruled that so long as no state law existed forbidding such practices, a builder was free to do as he pleased. Where housing was concerned, states' rights became the new federal rule even while the same federal government was moving against states' rights in school segregation.

With the advent of urban renewal after 1949, moreover, racial discrimination with federal blessing took on an additional form

* The sections of the official FHA manual in which these provisions appeared were Sections 937, 310, 315, 307, 229, 330 and 255 of the 1935 manual; 228, 252, 266, 210d, 284 and 229 of the 1936 manual; 233, 935, 937 and 951 of the 1938 manual; and 207 and 217 of the 1940 manual.

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in the wholesale evictions of Negroes from footholds they had established in the cities. Negroes constituted more than 70 per cent of those displaced from their homes to make room for more expensive housing developments (all financed in part by federal aid); and a high proportion of the remaining 30 per cent were Puerto Ricans, Orientals, and other minorities. Here too, the federal housing agencies ruled that both displacement and refusal to rent space in the new federally aided projects to minorities were matters of local option.

While the federal government continued to sanction housing discrimination, however, many city and state governments began proving responsive to the pressure that was being put on them to pass laws against discrimination in federally aided housing. By November 1, 1962, seventeen states, the Virgin Islands, and fifty-five cities had enacted anti-discrimination laws of some sort or passed resolutions against discrimination in the housing field. Eleven states went even further by outlawing bias in private housing *not* receiving government aid, as well as in publicly subsidized housing and urban renewal. These laws affect more than 65 million people. Contrary to the predictions of certain real estate interests, such laws have neither caused any general decline in property values nor curtailed investment in housing. They have brought no mass influx of Negroes into previously restricted areas, but they have assured protection to those Negroes who wish to move and can afford to do so.

Despite these demonstrations in the states and localities, President Eisenhower could not be moved to alter federal policy. "I happen to be one of those people," said Mr. Eisenhower repeatedly, "who has very little faith in the ability of statutory law to change the human heart, or to eliminate prejudice." He nevertheless appointed a Commission on Civil Rights to study the whole question of discrimination, and in its 1959 report, his Commission asked that the government bar discriminatory housing practices in federally aided undertakings. Mr. Eisenhower was still unmoved, and thereby became the target of Mr. Kennedy's barbs during the 1960 campaign.

Had Mr. Kennedy signed the Order when he was sworn in, it would hardly have caused a ripple, for the signing was expected and had already been discounted politically. But during the course of his two-year delay, complications set in. First he felt that he had to get his housing bill through the Congress, and the Housing Subcommittees were headed by Southerners who might balk in retaliation for the signing. Thereafter, he continued to put off the signing for fear that the election of some friendly Southern Senators and Congressmen might be jeopardized. When pressed for a comment by newspapermen, he said that he was awaiting a popular "consensus." When the stock market sagged, he thought the signing might jeopardize building starts. Meanwhile, his delay fortified the opposition of realty groups and Southerners, while opposition also began to manifest itself in the segregated white neighborhoods built with federal aid in the North. The Executive Order which had hardly been a bone of contention in 1960 turned into a major political issue by 1962.

The Order Mr. Kennedy finally signed was a compromise which sought to satisfy liberal sentiment on the one hand, and the realty groups, worried home-owners, and the South on the other. It followed almost to the letter the narrow recommendations of the two Southern members of the President's Commission on Civil Rights rather than those of the majority. The result is that the issue remains only partly resolved.

The compromise Order embraces only mortgages hereafter insured by the Federal Housing Administration or the Veterans Administration, properties owned by the government or receiving direct government loans, future federally subsidized urban renewal projects, and future public housing. It has no application to mort-

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gages still outstanding. Nor will it have much impact on public housing, which is predominantly inhabited by Negroes anyway. Property owned by the government had been barred by court decisions from discrimination long before the Order, while a California court had already held discrimination illegal even on FHA-insured loans. As to future urban renewal projects, little was added to the protections of minority groups, since the actual discrimination against them in this area takes place in the evictions, not the rehousing. Even here the Order provides little help, for it fails to bar discrimination in the private housing market in which most families displaced by federally aided urban renewal projects are to be relocated.

In consequence of all this, less than 25 per cent of all new housing construction will be embraced by the Order. Since about half of these were already covered by more stringent state and local laws banning discrimination, the Order will at best affect only 13 per cent of new housing undertakings.

The most serious omission, however, is the exclusion of savings and loan associations from the Order's provisions. These associations are members of the government-created Home Loan Bank System composed of eleven regional Federal Home Loan Banks which make available to their member savings and loan associations an unlimited reservoir of credit at low interest rates. The Home Loan Bank Board regulates these associations, looks into the affairs of the member associations, sets up rules they must observe, approves the "character of [their] management," and can bar membership to any association if its policies are inconsistent with the law or the Board's own regulations. It also has the power to establish "such other requirements as it deems necessary or desirable."

Another federal agency, the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, not only oversees the associations and the character of their management, but puts the federal guarantee behind all savings accounts up to $10,000. This insurance has been responsible for the spectacular growth of the associations from a mere $138 million in assets in 1934 to about $80 billion in assets today and it has made them the most important mortgage lenders on homes. As the United States Commission on Civil Rights has said, while the associations are privately operated, "they owe their very existence and a large part of their success to the Federal Government. They are creations of the Federal Government, chartered for express public purposes."

On June 8, 1961, the President's Commission on Civil Rights, after finding that discrimination was "widespread among the associations," asked Chairman Joseph P. McMurray about the Home Loan Bank Board's policy and he told them "it opposes discrimination, by financial institutions over which it has supervisory authority, against borrowers solely because of race, color, or creed." Subsequently, however, the Board's staff blunted this policy by stating that the savings and loan associations must consider only economic factors in making loans and there was now some uncertainty as to whether race could be considered an "economic factor." The staff, moreover, doubted that the Board had the legal authority to bar discrimination by its associations.

Had the President's Order embraced these savings and loan associations, the doubt would have been dispelled. As it now stands, however, by being excluded from the Order, the principal mortgage lenders in the country feel themselves free to discriminate. In fact, some home builders who had been using FHA loans are already switching their mortgage applications from FHA to these associations so as to avoid the Order's prohibitions.

The Executive Order will, in short, touch only a small fraction of the housing market. If any real gains are to be made, its coverage must be widened or more in-

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dividual state laws laboriously sought. The President's Order is no more than a small first federal step toward breaking the bottleneck in housing discrimination.

Nevertheless, its importance cannot be discounted. First steps in civil rights legislation have often led to second steps when the will to move ahead has been present. The Order affects some parks and public facilities connected with urban renewal and will also have some value in demonstrating that builders who adopt a no-discrimination policy need not have their investments jeopardized. Moreover, since the Order authorizes "educational programs" and the use of the government's "good offices," some progress may conceivably be made by voluntary cooperation.

But the most important gain represented by the Order is that an old principle which the federal government had been violating —the principle that government may not practice discrimination or abet in the practice of discrimination—has now been partially reclaimed. The long delay in signing the Order and the sordid history of federal discrimination in housing point a warning for all future programs requiring expansions of public power. When government and private enterprise combine into a joint undertaking with common interests and common drives, there is always the danger that the high ethics of constitutional principle will be leveled down to the lower standards of the market place. While the private entrepreneur is no better and no worse than other mortals, business is not concerned, as a democratic government must be, with such things as the equal treatment of minorities. A democratic government must therefore beware of adopting standards alien to its own nature when it enters into partnership with private business.

The President's delay in signing the Order only exemplified the deep roots racial discrimination had won in America. Much still remains to be done if these roots are ever to be destroyed.

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H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

JEWISH & OTHER NATIONALISMS

IN HIS famous *Auto-Emancipation,* published in 1882, Leo Pinsker urged his fellow Jews to make a great moral and practical effort and thereby re-embody the long disembodied ghost of their nationality. They were to create, not necessarily in Palestine, but somewhere, a permanent, autonomous, physical home. This effort, he felt, was not only a necessary condition of Jewish dignity and survival: it was also favored by the particular historical circumstances of the 19th century in Europe. "The general history of the present day," he wrote, "seems destined to become our ally. In a few decades we have seen rising into new life nations which, at an earlier time, would not have dared to dream of a resurrection. The dawn is already breaking through the darkness of traditional statecraft. The governments already incline their ears—where it cannot be avoided—to the clamor of the awakening self-consciousness of nationalities." In this essay I would like to consider and comment upon these remarks of Pinsker: to say something on the general subject of Jewish and other European nationalism.

For Jewish history is perhaps too often studied in isolation. The Jews of the Emancipation have then tended to leave it behind, using their gifts to illustrate not their own history but the history of the Europe which has received them. On the other hand the Jews of the Pale, driven back upon their private observances, have tended to narrow it within the Pale, representing it not as part of European history but as a long, thin line stretching back, self-contained, to the distant, Biblical past: a line charged inwardly with religious orthodoxy, and outwardly only brought into contact with Europe by periodic and painful persecution. And yet, I believe, Jewish history, for all its obvious differences, is a part of European history: a small part, a cramped part, and yet still a part—indeed unintelligible except as a part of it. In the Middle Ages perhaps that was not so: perhaps then it was part of Islamic history. From now on it may not be so: after the holocaust of the 1930's it may, if Mr. Ben Gurion has his way, become part of Asiatic history. But for the intervening centuries the Jews have been a European nation—a nation without territory of course, and that makes a great difference—but still a European nation, responding to the same general forces which have moved the other European nations. One of these forces has been that great ideological impulse which burst the old framework of Europe in the 19th century: nationalism.

I think this is worth saying, for two reasons, one Jewish, one Gentile. For on the Jewish side there are writers who see Zionism, this modern movement which aimed at creating a Jewish society in Pales-

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tine and ended by creating a Jewish state, not as a new movement of the 19th century but merely as the logical culmination of what they suppose to be the constant, central message of Judaism ever since the destruction of the Temple; and on the Gentile side we have writers who, when dealing with our European nationalism of the 19th century, totally ignore what seems to me an exciting form or variant of it, springing from the same conditions: the Jewish form.

OF COURSE I DO not mean to deny that Zionism differed from European nationalism, nor that it looked back, as all nationalism does, to its own distinctive antecedents. How could anyone deny that? A people which, from its earliest records, has designated itself a chosen people, and which, in all its history, in spite of every temptation, has never abandoned the traditions incorporating that belief, cannot be excused of nationalism before the 19th century. But I do not think we should take this argument too seriously. Those who protest, sometimes protest too much. It is well known that the furious denunciations of fornication and drunkenness by the 17th-century Scottish kirk did not represent the general dislike of the people for these faults, but rather their incorrigible liking; and if the old Hebrew prophets and the medieval rabbis thundered about the distinctness of the Jews, that may well indicate a maddening preference, among their inattentive disciples, for assimilation. Moreover, the other nations of Europe also had their fits of nationalism before the 19th century. The God we happen to share is a whimsical divinity who chooses now one people, now another. In Luther's time he chose Germany, a century later England. Shakespeare was not exempt from this fashion of speaking. Milton believed in God's Englishmen. And if Jewish outbursts are more often audible, we should remember that the Jews were more often subject to the normal cause of such emotions.

For nationalism has its normal causes. It is the expression of wounded nationality: the cry of men who have suffered great national defeat, or whose nationality is denied, or who live insecurely on exposed national frontiers, surrounded, and in danger of being swamped, by foreigners. Any nation may find itself in this posture. In England, happily exempt from great national defeat and surrounded by the insulating sea, we have only seldom known it, in times of great danger; but we have it in Ulster, which Home Rule has made the exposed land-frontier of Anglo-Saxonry. "To hell with the Pope!" is a nationalist, not a religious slogan. French nationalism was most acute after the great defeat of 1870, and of course it was expressed most violently on the amputated frontier, by the Lorrainer, Paul Déroulède. Perhaps it is no accident that General de Gaulle too is a Lorrainer. Similarly in Germany, it is on the raw edges that we find chronic nationalism, among the Sudetenlanders and the Austro-Germans, insecure among Czechs and South Slavs, or the Baltic Germans, insecure among the North Slavs. And if the Germans, being more closely surrounded by foreigners, are more liable to "normal" nationalism than the English, we should expect the Jews to be more liable still: the Jews who, in Palestine, were surrounded by Egyptians and Arabs, Syrians and Philistines, and whose every ghetto, after the Dispersion, was an exposed, unfortified citadel among jealous, watchful enemies.

For this reason we should not be surprised if we find expressions of Jewish nationalism throughout Jewish history. Nevertheless, we should not, I think, deduce too much from this normal response to abnormal circumstances. We should not suppose, as some of the more rigid traditionalists seem to do, that the Jews of the Dispersion, for nearly two thousand years, were constantly prepared for a return to the Holy Land, or that the Zionist solution was the end to which all creation, in those two thousand years, had been groaning

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and travailing. No doubt, at regular intervals, the idea of their old home recurred, with nostalgic force, to the scattered Jews of Europe. No doubt, as their historians (or some of them) remind us, they often spoke of it. But men often speak of heroic courses which they do not, in the end, take, and the fact remains that this course, in all those years, was not much taken. The Jews might suffer terrible persecutions and pogroms in Russia or Poland; but somehow when they left, with the Holy Land on their lips, their feet carried them resolutely in the other direction, to Germany or England or America. Even when—like the expelled Sephardim of Spain—they went to the hospitable, tolerant Turkish empire—that land of promise as it seemed in the 16th century—it is odd how few of them went to Palestine, which was after all an easily accessible and under-populated part of that empire. There was a trickle, but not a stream. To most of them Constantinople, with its opportunities of government finance, or Salonika, with its opportunities of army-provisioning, seemed more tempting than what Gibbon was to call the "mournful and solitary silence" of Arab Palestine.

AND THEN, IN THE 19th century, the century of European nationalism, came this great change in Jewish history too: a change which Gentile historians, as it seems to me, have been slow to recognize as part of their own history. We Gentiles all know that the 19th century was the century of nationalist revolt. We all know how, in the intellectual world, the enlightened internationalism of the 18th century was challenged; how, in the political world, the great multi-national political structures, which had seemed stable for centuries—first the Hapsburg, then the Ottoman empires—were threatened, convulsed, and finally broken up by the explosive new nationalism of Germany, Italy, Hungary, and finally the Slav peoples. But we often fail to see, I think, how the movement of Jewish nationalism, which has ended in our day with the building of a Jewish national state, sprang out of the same circumstances and the same pressures: in short, how it was part of *our* history. In the old *Cambridge Modern History,* the *Cambridge Modern History* of Lord Acton, that most cosmopolitan, least obvious of historians, we can read all about the former movements; but we find not a word about the latter. Even in the new, post-1948 *Cambridge Modern History,* whose lightly turned pages sigh beneath their burden of not always memorable facts, we find very little.

I would like to redress this balance: to introduce the possibly otiose reminder that Jewish history is part of European history and should be studied as such, even though, in recent times, by a brilliant operation of inspired colonization and successful war, the Jews have occupied and gained political control of a small part of Asia, an Ulster in the great Ireland of Arabia. Romantic idealists may look back and discover the origins of this adventure in the dreams of medieval mystics, the vaticinations of Polish rabbis. Now that the ground is gained, that myth may safely be incorporated in the title deed. And indeed, not without some reason. But we should not forget that the particular appeal of Palestine, rather than any other basis for the national home, was only gradually effective; and its effect was perhaps as powerful among Biblically educated Gentiles as among Jews. Certainly it did good service as part of the external diplomacy of the movement. The first founders were not, I think, very strict believers in the old, narrow tradition. Nor perhaps were their great *epigoni.* Their roots may have been in the orthodoxy of the Pale, but their ideals were those of contemporary Europe. Herzl, like so many of the European nationalists, found his inspiration in the European cosmopolis of Vienna.

Yes, Vienna. Vienna was, in a sense, the metropolis and the motor of all 19th-century European nationalism. It was Vienna, the Vienna of Metternich, which

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roused the indignation and united the forces of German nationalism. It was the same Vienna, the Vienna of Francis Joseph, which vainly resisted the forces of Italian nationalism. It was the same Vienna which was compelled ultimately to yield to the pressure of the Hungarian nationalists and convert itself into the "dual monarchy" of Austria-Hungary. Germany, Italy, Hungary—these were the "historic nations," as they somewhat invidiously called themselves, the nations which had not been conquered or atomized but only quietly absorbed, as historic units, first as partners, only gradually as subjects, into the Hapsburg empire. They had their memories of continuous history, their consciousness of national literature. It was not, or it was only partly, because they were "oppressed" that they took to nationalism: for they were not more oppressed than they had been, and in the past they had not thought of it as "oppression." It was only in the new circumstances, under the influence of the new ideas, that they found themselves conscious of their nationality and resentful of its suppression: that men regarded it as an intolerable humiliation to find that they belonged not to a politically self-contained "nation" but to a mere "geographical expression." For the nationalism of the 19th century was not episodic, not the mere result of temporary circumstances, like the periodic outbursts of the past. It was a new general idea, powerful, even irresistible, as new ideas can be; and it rendered all old politics useless, old remedies unavailing. By 1870 it had triumphed in its first and greatest campaigns. Garibaldi and Cavour in Italy, the Liberals of 1848 and Bismarck in Germany, Kossuth and Deak in Hungary had prevailed. Magenta, Solferino, Königgrätz, the Hungarian Compromise—these great events of the decade from 1859 to 1869 mark the victories of the first nationalism, the nationalism of the "historic nations"; and these victories were all won against the same enemy, Vienna.

Jewish nationalism, I hasten to add, did not spring directly from this first movement. Why should it? It was not the cosmopolitan Hapsburg empire which oppressed the Jews of Central Europe. Far from it. The Hapsburgs, those professional, necessary enemies of all national exclusiveness, had been the patrons and protectors of their Jewish subjects, as of other minorities. But nationalism is an explosive force, of evil potentiality, as we in this century have come to realize; and we have down-graded the word accordingly. To our ancestors it was a noble word for a noble emotion. In Victorian England, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Kossuth were popular heroes; the German Liberals of 1848 were extolled; even Bismarck was admired, not for controlling the German nationalists (that is why we praise him now) but for realizing some at least of their aims. Today we are less sure about this. We have seen Mussolini and Hitler; and we realize that there is something to be said for the old, static cosmopolitanism which these romantic, rebellious prophets of the "historic nations" were the first to break. The lesser nations of the Hapsburg empire, as they were nearer to the facts, realized them sooner. For having triumphed, having asserted their national unity against the super-national authorities above them, the "historic nations," or some of them, turned, to complete it, against the non-historic nations, the conquered, atomized "sub-nations" beneath them—the Slavs and the Jews; and those sub-nations, looking to their defenses, found two alternative courses open to them, of which, it seemed, they must take one or perish.

THE FIRST course was reaction: a return to cosmopolitanism, internationalism. At first, Czechs and Jews, feeling the new pressure of the German nationalists, and Croats and Slovenes, left to the mercy of new Hungarian power, looked back with regret to the old protective structure of the Hapsburg empire. Already

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in 1848–9, that great year of revolution by the "historic" nations, they had shown it. Then it was the Croat general Joseph Jellačić who had supported the dynasty against the Hungarian rebellion, the Czech Palacky František who, at the Pan-Slav Congress, had declared that if the Austrian empire did not exist it would be necessary to invent it. And indeed, for a time, these nations, or some of them, did succeed in keeping the empire going as a protective envelope for themselves. For half a century after 1870, if the Hungarians, enjoying their new power, oppressed the South Slavs, the government of Austria—this is the burden of the early chapters of *Mein Kampf*—prevented its German subjects from exercising their rights and oppressing the Czechs and Jews. In the stock phrases of the German nationalists, it enslaved the noble Germans to a mongrel parliament dominated by inferior races.

Return to cosmopolitanism—that was the first line of defense of the non-historic nations against the new, crude nationalism of the historic nations. But suppose that first alternative would not work. Suppose the old machinery of cosmopolitanism had been rotted and frayed, its spirit undermined, so that it could no longer maintain itself against the new spirit and the new pressure of the "historic" nations. Could the "sub-nations" by themselves maintain it? Of course not. And if not, what must they do? When new ideas are ruling the world, it is always easier for the weak, their victims, to clutch at them, hoping to appropriate and transform them, than to resist them. So, in the end, the "sub-nations" would copy the "historic" nations, would declare that they too were historic nations, and to prove it would discover their ancient history, find the continuity of their ancient traditions, re-create their half-forgotten languages, remember their old literature and, with the aid of ingenious statistics, retrace on the map the generous but not always strictly accurate frontiers of the past. So, after the primary nationalism of the "historic" nations, and in defense against it, came the secondary nationalism of the non-historic nations. The Czechs, after two centuries of unreluctant Germanization, remembered their Slavonic, Bohemian past, and the Battle of the White Mountain was reversed on mountains of paper. The South Slavs rediscovered their old history and historic literature: we think of Vuk Karadjić Stefanović compiling the first dictionary of the language and collecting the heroic ballads of the Middle Ages, those ballads which commemorated the days of Serbian independence, before the fatal field of Kosovo. The Bulgarians remembered, as they still do, the old Bulgarian empire with its sweeping frontiers. And the Jews remembered Zion.

FOR IT IS TO THIS secondary nationalism, the nationalism of the non-historic nations, that Jewish nationalism, seen as a European movement, belongs. When the "historic" nations—Italy, Germany, Hungary—asserted their nationality, the Jews did not stir; or if they did, it was not as Jews, members of a Jewish nation, but as Germans or Italians, like Karl Marx or Daniele Manin. Indeed, why should they stir? In Europe their protection lay in cosmopolitanism, and their first, most obvious cry was that of Palacky: the Old Order, with its tolerance, its balance of nationalities, must be preserved. Only when the Old Order was clearly foundering did the second alternative finds its adherents. And so the Jews, like the Czechs and the South Slavs, turned to nationalism as their means of salvation. Their leaders might be Europeans of the Enlightenment, but the conditions of nationalism required that they go back to the narrower traditions preserved for them—or had it been against them?—by the rabbis of the Pale. They looked out from Europe, behind the history of Europe, beyond the frontiers of Europe, to a remote past in another continent: a past linked with the present only by a thin, persistent thread running from

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synagogue to synagogue through nearly twenty centuries of persecution.

Of course, being men of the Enlightenment, they both strengthened and varied that link. They were not content, like the old believers, with distant memories or merely religious traditions. If they revived the Hebrew language, it was not merely to study the Scriptures or the Law. If they remembered their history, it was not merely their ancient, sacred history. It was a Jew of the Emancipation, Heinrich Graetz, who wrote the first continuous history of the Jewish nation, carrying it through the destruction of the Second Temple, over the intervening centuries, to his own time. It was another Jew of the Emanicipation, Moses Hess, who first urged escape from Europe to Jerusalem, and he urged it explicitly as a nationalist, secular movement, in imitation of the nationalist, secular Italian *Risorgimento*. In all this the prophets and forerunners of Zionism showed that they were Europeans. It was the character of 19th-century Europe to secularize the movements which hitherto had been clothed in religious form. If Zionism was the age-old hankering of the Jews for the Holy Land, it was that hankering secularized: a return to Israel without waiting for the Messiah, or led by a secular messiah—one, moreover, who was half-assimilated into Europe.

For of course all the great nationalist leaders have been only half-national themselves. Their followers may be—generally are—true nationals: authentic, autochthonous, monoglot aborigines of the tribe, bigoted fundamentalists of the faith. But the leaders, it is well known, tend to be marginal in their nationality, perhaps inspired by secret doubts of their nationality. The leader of the Irish nationalists in the last century was wholly English, in this, half-Cuban. Napoleon was not French nor Stalin Russian. Hitler was an Austrian, not a German; his high-priest Rosenberg was born a Russian subject. And today, I understand, the prophetess of Scottish nationalism is a lady with a good English name living in Manchester. We should not be surprised to find that Jewish nationalism, if its faithful masses came out of the Russian Pale, was headed by half-assimilated men whom strict Jews might regard as little better than Gentiles and whose life was led in the Western, cosmopolitan cities of Paris and Vienna.

Paris, Vienna, Russia—all these contributed to the finished form of Zionism. It was Russia, in its aggressive pan-Slav mood after 1870, which, by its pogroms, supplied the body of the first emigrations, the social form of the first settlements. It was Paris, in the defeated, introverted mood of the 1890's, which, by the Dreyfus case, aroused the zeal of the first prophets and the conscience of the West. But it was in Vienna, still in Vienna, that the pressures met. It was against Vienna, the conservative, complacent Vienna of Metternich, that the Italians, the Germans, the Hungarians had protested their nationality; it was in Vienna, the defeated, depressed Vienna after 1870, that the Jews, together with the Czechs, the South Slavs, and the Austro-Germans, saw the need for theirs. In 1895 the leader of the anti-Semitic German nationalists, Karl Lueger, was elected burgomaster of the city, and the Jews, as Herzl wrote, expected "a new Saint Bartholomew's night." For two years the imperial government refused to confirm the election. Then it gave way, and for ten years Lueger dominated the politics of the city. It was in Lueger's Vienna that Theodor Herzl, having lost faith in the old ideal of emancipation, started on the course of thinking that led him, ultimately, to the idea of a *Judenstaat* in Palestine. A few years later, it was in Vienna that Thomas Masaryk, a Slovak member of its "mongrel" parliament, gradually despairing of the old ideal of Palaćky, decided to found a new independent state for the Czechs and Slovaks. And it was from the same Vienna that Adolf Hitler, the professed admirer of Lueger, drew his grim inspiration and dreamed of a sinister new Ger-

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man nationalism which would be fatal alike to Czechs and Jews. Herzl, Masaryk, Hitler were all men of action. The aims of all were achieved. Their movements, however different their form, all sprang from European history, and from the same great crucible of European history, the source of cosmopolitanism and nationalism alike, Vienna.

Of course, once the three movements were launched, their courses diverged. How widely they diverged, and how formidably they clashed, we know. Our lives have been spent against the noise of their clashing. And now only one of them survives. Nazism has gone: after a decade of hideous violence it has foundered among the ruins it created, and German nationalism, if it is to achieve reunification of Germany, must begin again at the beginning. Hitler undid not only his own work but that of Bismarck as well. Czechoslovakia too, as an independent state, is gone: the name of Masaryk is no longer officially honored there; his work is undone. Only Israel, that smallest, most difficult growth, survives. It has already lasted longer, since its foundation, than Hitler's Thousand-Year Reich. Of all the secondary nationalisms of Europe, it is, so far, the most successful. Unlike the Balkan successor-states, it has preserved its political independence. Unlike the Irish Free State, it has succeeded in giving life to its ancient language, and has thereby created a new national scholarship. It has also succeeded in presenting to the world a new idea. Just as the English Puritans, establishing in the reign of Charles I a perilous bridgehead in another continent, carried there a new social ideal which they had worked out in the face of intolerable pressure at home, and which was to become a gospel for other states, so the Jewish Pilgrim Fathers have carried to Asia a new form of social democracy, forged by the pressures of Central Europe, and able, in the deadlock of the cold war, to appeal to the uncommitted nations of the world. For all these reasons, this last, least typical of European nationalisms may in the end, if its work survives, prove the most significant of all.

And yet, let us not forget how much Israel owes to circumstances beyond the control of its founders. The collapse of Czarist Russia, the victory of the Western Powers in 1918, were as essential to Weizmann as to Masaryk, or as the victory of Napoleon III over Austria had been to Cavour. Who could have predicted this? And who could have predicted the terrible destruction of the European Jews by Hitler: a dreadful episode which has given Israel not only a population but also a mystique, and which broke down the opposition of the anti-Zionists in world Jewry? If Herzl could not have predicted these things, which so transformed his movement, how can we predict the next stage? Above all there are two things which we cannot predict. The generation of the founding fathers is passing: the next generation in Israel will be detached from the Europe which bred them, separated from the European history in which the first was a part. Elsewhere—we do not have to look far to see it—great exertions have created small independent states in one generation, which, through that detachment, have sunk into parochialism in the next. And if the primary nationalism of the Germans and Hungarians provoked the secondary nationalism of the Slavs and the Jews, is that necessarily the end of the process? Nationalism seems now dead in Europe, but it has been carried to Asia and Africa; and Israel, which to some may seem the return of an ancient people to its long-suspended rights, to others seems—and I believe it to be—the last product of European nationalism: a product which, since it is a national settlement, not a colonial exploitation, is the more solid and therefore the more formidable. How can we predict the course of the tertiary nationalism which in its turn it has sharpened: the nationalism of the Arabs?

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MIDGE DECTER

GROWING OLD IN AMERICA

IN EVERY park in every city in the United States on almost every day of the year small children and aging adults meet to take the air. The adults sit quietly on the benches, while the little ones run around, swing from the fences, and make a general commotion. The old returned to the haunts of the very young, natural allies laid by together out of the way of the bustling and "responsible" world—so it may seem to the casual passer-by. However, the feeling that actually dominates the park is not one of alliance; it is one of hatred. And what goes on between the two groups is not an idyllic confrontation but a war—no other word will serve. Perhaps back at home the two do maintain their traditional conspiratorial connection, grandparents and grandchildren; but outside, where they are equal claimants to the use of certain facilities of idle time, the issue between them stands naked: some of them are at the beginning of life and some of them each day get nearer to its end. The young ones are totally absorbed in their own demands for the attention of the world, and the old ones, far from looking on this with that natural sense of the seasons that a life properly lived should have given them, are resentful and bitter and envious. It is easy, after Freud, to be tolerant, and even admiring, of the lack of sympathy in little children. But it is quite impossible to look without fear upon the simple malice that can play in the face of a white-haired old woman—who is probably herself a mother and a grandmother—as she watches an infant struggling to take his first steps. Where does such malice come from? What can it mean?

* * *

To be sure, not all, not even most, of the 17½ million people in America over the age of sixty-five are habitual park-sitters. One out of five is still gainfully employed, full or part time; half are still married; 60 per cent maintain homes of their own; roughly another 20 per cent live with relatives. Thus, many of the aged in our society have resources that the malicious old woman on the park bench presumably lacks—something to do and somewhere to go. Yet the fact remains that even the most fortunate of the aged share to some extent—*and know they do*—in her predicament. Hers is merely the extreme form of a threatened general condition, for she teaches this lesson about old age in our society: that it is a bad time, one that is more likely to bring a bitter envy toward those who are still active or coming to be active than the traditionally promised rest and peace and ease.

Why this should be so is by no means obvious. That it is so, however, is abundantly obvious, if only from the intense preoccupation with the problems of the aged evident everywhere in our culture.

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Social scientists and medical researchers of all descriptions have collected themselves into an academic discipline called gerontology—the science of old age—and each year brings its lengthy and grave reports of their findings. A third of the voluntary social agencies in this country now have special programs for the aged; others have plans to create them. And federal and local government agencies are constantly engaged in a study of new ways to expand those facilities that serve the retired population.

Much of this preoccupation, of course, stems from the fact that there are more leisured elderly in our midst than ever before. Not only do more people live longer, but retirement, as measured against life expectancy, comes relatively early. This does not mean, as so many people think, that modern science—medicine, sanitation, etc.—has succeeded in pushing back the frontiers of death. Despite the propaganda of the various National Foundations, which creates the impression that money given to combat their pet diseases is about to do battle with death itself, the outer limits of the length of human life have remained fairly constant. What *has* happened through modern science is that vastly greater numbers of people are surviving uneventfully what were once the perils of childhood, youth, and middle age: the diseases that nowadays kill most of us (atherosclerosis, cancer, kidney ailments) are diseases of the aging organism.

What has also happened through science, however, is that the elderly on the whole enjoy better health than they once did, and this has effected a radical change in the image of retirement. No longer represented by a stooped, feeble old retainer shuffling up to receive his gold watch for forty years of service and then returning home to wither away, the term retirement now brings to mind the picture of a sixty-five-year-old man who may or may not be perfectly vigorous, doing his job one day and the next being handed a pink slip: The American Labor Force No Longer Needs Your Services. In other words, the same modern technology that has brought about increased life expectancy has also necessitated earlier retirement. (Indeed, it seems likely that if technology were given its own rational way with the lag of custom, retirement would have been brought forward even further than it already has.)

No one, it might appear, could respond to these twin developments with anything but gratitude. People *want* to stay alive as long as possible and for as much of the time as possible in good physical condition. And it is equally natural for them to want to know that one day they will be freed from the necessity of work. We learn from the anthropologists that many primitive societies kill off their feeble old because they cannot afford to keep people who must eat without working. But primitive does not mean natural; and the outlook of anthropology in some ways dulls the imagination on this point: because a man reaching old age in a parricidal culture accepts the inevitability of the system, it cannot be that he faces with any less terror the knowledge that he must either work or die. Biologists tell us of the aging body that it seeks and needs a lessening of noise, a brightening of light, and ever increasing quantities of rest. In short, to live long and to have time to waste are among the deepest of human aspirations.

Of those millions of Americans who would fall under the technical definition of being aged, then, a very large number would seem to have reached a state toward which men naturally yearn. No more than 3 per cent are helpless enough to be shut away in custodial institutions; among the rest, there are many people so youthful, so vital, so healthy that experts involved in their problems are enjoined from using the word "aged" altogether, and must refer to them in embarrassed terms like "senior citizens"—in their "golden age." Given all this, why is so much social concern being expressed over the predicament of the aged?

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An important part of the answer, surely, is that the aged are undergoing in a special way an experience that promises to become nearly universal. This experience is called the problem of leisure, but in truth is the problem of supererogation. To put the case very simply, there are not enough jobs to go around, and there will be even fewer as automation proceeds on its inexorable course. The young are being kept out of the labor force for as long as it can be managed, and when they cannot be kept out any longer, the old must make room for them. Where often in small primitive societies manpower is so desperately needed that there can be no provision for those who do not supply it, in our situation hordes of people must regularly be put out to pasture.

It is generally assumed—probably even by the aged themselves—that the trouble lies here: in the humiliation, the sense of futility, that result from being shunted aside. Psychologists tell us that one of the main disabilities suffered in the life of retirement is a loss of self-esteem. Social workers center their programs for the aged on the question, "What can we do to give older people some greater sense of their continuing, valuable participation in the world around them?" Many medical researchers talk about helping even the ailing and disabled and institutionalized among the aged to cope far more adequately with their environment. All this makes sense, in its own terms; surely the feeling of being a valuable member of the world is a good, and a necessary, thing. In every instance, however, the terms of discussion themselves turn out to be circular and lead away from the primary question, the only question that can yield anything new either to the understanding or to the making of programs: why do those who are relieved—for whatever reason—of a tiresome burden feel themselves instead to be bereaved?

Let us take the matter of self-esteem. Certainly a man forced to retire when he is still able to perform his work easily and competently must feel himself to be the victim of an unmitigable injustice. Indeed, even a man who before retirement had begun to find his work enormously taxing, and might therefore look forward to retiring, must be left with the sense that his being forced to leave this work represents a personal failure. By one of those queer ironies of psychology, so long as retirement is a thing decreed from the outside, it will appear to operate as some kind of judgment. Nevertheless, it is difficult to believe that the unhappiness of the aged can be explained in such terms. For even granting that there is a loss of self-esteem involved in the loss of employment, we are still left wondering why the compensations of leisure and security (in those cases where economic need is not a factor) do not operate any more powerfully than it is assumed they do.

FOR WOMEN, to be sure, the situation is somewhat different. The terms of their "employment" are vaguer. When all her children have grown up and moved away, a woman still has her domestic empire—now considerably diminished, but perhaps in due proportion to her diminished physical power—to rule. Whatever difficulties an aging woman experiences, therefore, are generally thought to stem from the fact that her main function in life, to oversee the welfare of her children, has been taken from her.

In this connection sociologists and psychologists have spoken a good deal about the revolution in the institution of the family brought about by the urbanization of American life. That is to say, families now live together by and large in "conjugal" units, consisting only of a mother, a father, and their offspring, who in turn break away upon reaching maturity to form new conjugal units of their own. This means that with the marriage of her last child a woman is "retired" no less forcibly than her husband is when he arrives at his sixty-fifth year. But here again, one wonders whether the relief every woman must

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feel at having this particular burden of responsibility lifted from her is not being scanted in discussions of her psychic problems. Moreover, it is extremely doubtful that the aging American woman of today has any cause to regret the passing of the old rural, clan-shaped, agglomerating family. She and her contemporaries established their own conjugal families not only, not even principally, in order to bring up children but out of a belief in their right to privacy, to freedom of decision, to independence of their parents and grandparents—in short, out of a sense (a modern, urban-bred sense, to be sure) of obligation to self. Why should they now feel differently? It can be seen that as people get older, and if circumstances permit, they more and more shape their style of life to fit comfortably around their predilections; this is what is called "getting set in one's ways." And a small, self-centered household is obviously the one to facilitate this process. Thus it seems unlikely that the aging parents of today, once themselves children who left the parental home, feel quite so deprived when *their* turn comes as popular legend and social work theory would have us think.*

IN LINE with the idea that the aged must be given something to do in order to prop up their failing self-esteem, the social workers and rehabilitators are attempting to create, out there in the pasture, what amounts to a virtual parody of the world of the very young. From one end of the country to the other, groups with titles like Golden Age clubs and Senior Citizens' classes have been established. A typical list of their activities includes such things as crafts, singing, dancing (even the twist), dramatics, picnics and fishing trips (in Chicago, there is an annual two-week senior citizens camp; in Menlo, California, there are five-day excursions to the national parks), hobby and antique shows, dressing dolls for the Salvation Army, collecting radios and magazines for state hospitals, repairing clothing for needy families, and stuffing envelopes for the League of Women Voters.

How the people who sponsor these programs can believe that the elderly men and women who participate in them will thereby overcome the loss of self-esteem involved in their feelings of uselessness is rather a mystery. Having somewhere to go and something—anything—to do is undoubtedly better than having nowhere to go and nothing to do. But it is not equivalent to having something useful and valuable to do, and it is from the conviction that one's activities have value that self-esteem arises. When the young are herded together for similar activities, the idea is that they can afford to wait, and in the meantime they need to be kept off the streets. To the aged, however, despite the fact that they have countless unfilled hours from day to day, time is the commodity above all others that is in short supply: what else does getting old mean? And by social work's own avowed understanding of the matter, society must find the way to keep them *on* the streets, not off.

In short, so much discussion of the problems to be faced in retirement revolves around what look like sensible ideas on how to "prepare" people for leisure, how to provide them with "real" interests, how to get them to use their "resources," and so forth, that everyone tends to lose sight of the fact that idle time is not the same thing as free time. Time can only be free when its possessor is using it to do what *he* wants to do and respects doing.

People in the Golden Age clubs may dance and may sing—they are asked to do so even from their wheelchairs in the nurs-

* For those who have *always* lived alone, the problem is entirely different—probably, except for its aesthetics, very little affected by age. Where such people are concerned, self-involvement is not the earned privilege of time and nature but a spiritual disease having a very early onset. The World Health Organization estimates that somewhere between 10 and 20 per cent of the world's aged population are "isolates," but it is difficult to know how many are the victims of plain injustice and how many represent the kind of human tragedy that social thought has always been powerless to deal with.

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ing homes—but this is not the makings of a new life in retirement; it is a pasteboard version of the old. The aging may out of desperation accept it, but can anyone expect them to be "fulfilled" in doing so?

IN THIS connection it is baffling how little of the professional, or merely the interested, talk ever gets around to the mention of money. Naturally, everyone knows that money has more than anything else come to be regarded as the measure of a successful life, and therefore of a man's sense of his own worth; and this much everyone does say—and piously deplores. The money that is not talked about, as though it were impolite to mention it, is another kind of money: the money that buys things.

There is a whole body of American folklore dedicated to the question of what money can and cannot buy. In its application to old age, the folk wisdom for some reason seems to concentrate on the "isn't everything" aspect—maybe because rich and poor alike get wrinkled (though in the case of women, even this is not necessarily true), or maybe because the sentimentality that is the usual response to death reflects backward on the old age that foreshadows it. But if money, as they say, cannot buy health, it can buy the most comfortable alternatives to it: the retirement cottage in Florida or New Mexico, the services necessary to carry on a relatively normal life without strain. If it cannot buy happiness, it can, for most men, help to provide the means of expressing strength of spirit —whether this be the regular pursuit of a hobby, the exercise of power over others, or worthwhile civic activity. It can most of all, despite our pieties, buy the elementary kind of respect that is extended to people who do not have to depend on others.

Money is something not very many of the aged have very much of. It is hard to be precise about this because the collectors of data must depend on individual reporting, but what figures there are indicate that as of January 1960 nearly 60 per cent of those over 65 had a cash income of less than $1,000 per year per individual; around 25 per cent had between $1,000 and $2,000; the rest had over $2,000, but of these only 4 per cent had more than $5,000.

In their eagerness to avoid confronting the bearing of such figures—even allowing for inaccuracies—on the question of leisure as we know it, sociologists have engaged in some curious studies and made some curious findings. One such study that comes to mind is an investigation of the relation between the preferred uses of leisure and class attitudes.* Seventy-five per cent of the former managers interviewed, and only 55 per cent of the former manual workers also interviewed, said they were getting as much fun out of life as they used to. On the other hand, 41 per cent of the manual workers as against only 25 per cent of the managers felt that they would be interested in joining a Golden Age club. Now, what sociologists mean by class attitude may indeed greatly influence certain choices of leisure—for example, the kind of thing a man prefers to spectate, whether ball games or symphony concerts, or even (though all this is far more taken for granted than it has a right to be) whether or not he is apt to spend time reading books and newspapers. But when it comes to "getting fun out life," to the large, over-all choices about how to fill up and shape one's declining years, there is something almost comic about the sociologists' inability to come right out and say that the amount of money a man has to live on will, more than anything else, determine his sense of the possibilities that exist. (A researcher somewhere has even made the startling discovery that there is a significant correlation between level of income and the use of travel as a leisure activity.)

In any case, an income of one or two

* As reported by Mr. Max Kaplan in his chapter in *Handbook of Social Gerontology* (University of Chicago Press, 1960).

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thousand dollars leaves a man very little alternative but to fall into the benign hands of gerontology—if, indeed, it can even carry him that far out into the world. I do not mean to imply that the unhappiness of the aged is yet another of those social problems that leads on a straight road back to the question of the inequitable distribution of wealth in this country; primarily it is not. But for that tiny percentage who manage to make a wide enough detour, there are many, and very real, compensations.

Just about everyone takes a significant cut in income upon retiring, a point which goes beyond the merely socio-economic and becomes a paradigm of life itself. The way things stand now, a man must in the course of his working life earn both his current keep and his future (or his widow's) support in idleness. The prolongation of life means that he must either earn more—financially, spiritually, emotionally—or there will be less to go around in the late years. Therefore the leisure we speak of these days is a condition that would not traditionally have gone by that name. Traditionally leisure was the result of an unearned abundance, or at least a quickly and easily earned one. Retirement, at its very best, is a geometrically diminishing pay-off for a life of hard work and careful attention to the rules.

AND HERE we come to the heart of the problem—for all of us, but the aged particularly, in whom it stands most brutally exposed. Not a sudden inactivity, which might be pleasant; not the absence of familial or community concerns, which might be a welcome relief; not even the approach of death, which can only mean what men make it mean: it is the rules by which Western urban men have been taught to live that lie at the base of a bitter or empty old age. The faces of resentment that we see beneath the whitening hair are the faces of people who have been "had"—and for whom it is too late to do anything about it now. They have been had in several ways. They have worked hard and worried much, as they have been told they must do, only to find that all the work and worry was for the sake of those who come after, and who must anyway themselves go through the same round of work and worry, eternally. They have saved their money, only to find it serving as a crutch against debility, or at the most as a weapon against the disregard of the struggling young. They have sacrificed great quantities of their human substance, their longings, itches, and imaginings, to the working and the saving—only to find that the spirit is a substance which turns rancid in storage.

Our "senior citizens" are people who were once taught that by denying themselves what D. H. Lawrence called the "good, warm life" they would be earning some great reward at the end—and who are living long enough to watch all the possibilities run out. The cry of the woman on the park bench, and of all her sisters and brothers, rich or poor, loved or unloved, would be, if she could make it: "But I never lived, and now I'm never going to."

The system of rules that sets up its steady tattoo in the nervous system, "Save, defer, lay by, put off," is a system that was devised when life was brutish and short. The reward it promised was Heaven. Put to the test in our time, when there is so much space between the cessation of toil and the end of life, the system reveals its great empty gaps. Old age is a period in which it must become increasingly difficult to deceive oneself. Many of the aged may still believe in the Heaven they have been striving to earn; but, as their troubles tell us, they can no longer find this belief a sufficient preparation for solitude and death. That, as the poets and philosophers have always known, can only come from the collection of all those present moments that might one day become real and self-defining remembrances.

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DENNIS H. WRONG

AFTER THE CUBAN CRISIS

FROM THE VERY beginning of the crisis over the Soviet missiles in Cuba, the Kennedy administration drew a sharp line between its attitude toward the Castro regime on the one hand, and Khrushchev's effort to extend the military front lines of the cold war into the Western Hemisphere on the other. If this distinction had been made some time ago, we might have been spared the enormous amount of nonsense uttered on the subject of Cuba in the past few years. The nonsense had consequences which were more than verbal, the major one being the Bay of Pigs invasion—a venture that looks even more irrational today in the aftermath of the missiles crisis than when it was undertaken.

Informed as well as popular opinion both in the United States and, to a surprising degree, abroad supported the President's stand last October. The only two groups with an interest in blurring the sharpness and specificity of his position have been the pro-Castro left and the frenetic anti-Communist crusaders of the right. The former wish to keep alive the belief that the United States continues to be committed to destroying the Castro regime—because it is Communist, or "socialist," or even because it liquidated American business interests in Cuba. The Soviet arms shipments can therefore be represented as a legitimate defense of "the revolution," and the crucial difference their presence in Cuba made to cold war politics can be minimized. The right-wingers, by contrast, identify Castro with the "international Communist conspiracy" and are anxious to strike a blow against him by overthrowing Cuban Communism whether or not there are Soviet missiles on the island.

Yet the Soviet Union's installation of missile bases in Cuba was too obvious a challenge to the United States to lend itself to the familiar apologetics of those left-wing circles that see American policy as eternally provocative while remaining primly "objective" about Soviet actions. Ironically, right-wing agitators almost from the time Castro came to power regularly pictured Cuba as a potential, if not actual, Russian missile base—"a dagger only ninety miles away pointed at the heart of America." That this claim amounted to irresponsible rhetoric rather than a reasoned anticipation of what later came to pass is indicated by the distress of the right now that the United States position on the bases has been sharply distinguished from the lower-priority problems presented by the Castro regime itself. Even if Castro should provoke further intervention by the United States, the missile crisis has reduced the possibilities of exploiting the Cuban situation in American politics.

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The United States may yet attempt to overthrow Castro by economic blockade or even by invasion. But if such further action is taken after the removal of Soviet weapons, the President's pledge to Khrushchev and his statements during the crisis week will necessitate an unambiguous specification of the hostile acts by the Castro regime justifying intervention. The Bay of Pigs invasion was politically disastrous because it suggested that the United States was not prepared to tolerate *any* regime in Cuba that was domestically revolutionary, neutralist in foreign policy, and antagonistic to private American business interests. Moreover, the invasion also revealed the American government to be sluggish and divided to the extent of allowing one of its agencies, the CIA, to dictate policy. And this agency was manifestly more sensitive to pressures from the American right and the more conservative Cuban exiles than to the Latin American scene in general and the opposition to Castro within Cuba in particular. The ignominious outcome of the invasion plan and the obvious confusion within the administration undoubtedly helped embolden Khrushchev to undertake the transformation of Cuba into a Soviet military outpost. The United States appeared to be too intransigent toward a troublesome neighboring regime it could well afford to tolerate, and at the same time confused and uncertain about where its own genuine interests lay. The precise limits to what the United States is prepared to tolerate from Castro remain vague, but there can no longer be any question that those limits will be carefully determined by the top councils of the government.

WHETHER the United States moves directly against him or not, Castro's days in power may indeed be numbered. He has indisputably lost prestige at home by increasing his country's dependence on Russia and then finding himself with no alternative but to stand aside while the Russians abandoned under American pressure the military guarantees they had made to him. Even extreme left-wing nationalist opinion in Latin America appears to have been shocked by the evident Russian use of Castro as a cold war pawn. The exportability of Castro's revolution may also have been severely reduced as a result.

The question of the kind of regime that might replace Castro is therefore likely to become an acute one. Many Cubans whose loyalty to their present rulers is uncertain would undoubtedly defend the regime if faced with an American invasion and the prospect of a new government composed of the kind of Miami exiles favored in the past by the CIA. This would apply especially to the new bureaucrats, the militiamen, and the members of youth groups who are the chief organizational props of the regime. Whether rightly or wrongly, they would expect to be killed or forced into exile by an American-installed government. Support for Castro has probably diminished even among these official partisans of his revolution, but should an invasion seem imminent, self-interest would undoubtedly replace ideological conviction in binding them to him.

A larger group of Cubans, whose fortunes are not directly linked to the institutions created by the revolution, would almost certainly welcome an American invasion that would get rid of Castro. Their number is probably increasing. The American marines have landed in Cuba "to restore order" several times in this century, usually at the invitation of the Cuban government then in office. Their arrival was greeted with enthusiasm by much of the urban population, painful though this fact has been to nationalist leaders. Yet then as now, the desire for American intervention reflected disgust with conditions in Cuba rather than sympathy with discredited politicians in exile and local oligarchs who hoped to profit from their American connections. It should be remembered, however, that Castro's intensive anti-American campaign was neces-

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sary, given his objectives, in part because the Cuban people have been less inclined on the whole to extreme *Yanqui*-hatred than several other Latin American peoples.

But if a significant proportion of the Cuban people would welcome an American invasion to release them from the economic hardships and political rigors of *Fidelista* Communism, the conservative exile groups have more positive reasons to wish for an invasion. For it is only through invasion that they can hope to regain their lost power and privileges. Though the Cuban people may hope for American deliverance from Castro, they certainly have no taste for a restoration of the divided and faltering democratic order which twice collapsed to produce first Machado and then Batista. The revolution against Batista and its original structural reforms remain immensely popular. Any restoration government, even one carefully selected to include only honest democrats and moderates, would inevitably find itself dependent on American support, committed at least to the partial undoing of the revolution's popular achievements, and vulnerable to renewed left-wing nationalist attack. A deposed and martyred Fidel Castro might soon become more cherished, if only as a memory and a symbol, than the Castro in power who "betrayed" the revolution, lowered the standard of living, and brought the Russians to Havana—just as Perónism continues to be the major force in Argentinian politics nearly a decade after Perón's waning popularity made possible his overthrow.

In short, an American invasion would be the easy way out both for the United States and for the Cuban people. It would restore the old instability; the old frustrated nationalism feeding on each sign of Cuba's dependence on the United States; the old cynicism that equated political democracy with weak, corrupt governments incapable of carrying out promised reforms opposed by the privileged classes; and the old readiness to submit to a strong man prepared to assume personal responsibility for government—an outcome to which Castro has now added the new possibility of a totalitarian dictatorship of the left.

An American-imposed successor government to Castro would no doubt be popular at the outset and could with substantial American aid initiate a period of prosperity. But could many Cubans really identify themselves proudly with a government of such origins? Even if the government laid claim to the heritage of Castro's original revolution, is it conceivable that its title to this claim would be honored by the Cuban people? When the prospect of an American overthrow of Castro was first discussed during the last years of the Eisenhower administration, there was talk in Washington of a lavish program of economic aid to transform a post-Castro Cuba into a Garden of Eden in the Caribbean which would serve as a lodestar and beacon to other Latin American nations. One had heard similar talk about Guatemala at the time of the 1954 CIA coup in that country; but in spite of extensive American economic aid, none of the anticipated benefits have resulted there—nor, for that matter, in Taiwan, South Korea, or South Vietnam. Fortunately, the Kennedy administration has been less inclined to simple-minded economic determinist views of this kind and, hopefully, has not contemplated such a solution for Cuba.

If an American invasion is undesirable because—among other reasons—it is likely to lead back to the old vicious circle of *immobiliste* democracy, civil disorder, and military dictatorship, can it be plausibly hoped that Castro will in time reverse the course of his revolution, eject the old-line Cuban Communists, break his ties with the Soviet Union, and restore friendly relations with the United States? Some of the Cuban dictator's more temperate American sympathizers have been suggesting this eventuality for several years, and it has been widely discussed in the months

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since the Russians rebuffed him by unilaterally withdrawing their hardware. If Castro decided on the reversal, he could very probably count on strong backing from the remnants of his July 26th Movement and other early supporters of the revolution now isolated by the Communists in second-level posts within the government. Yet it is hard to believe that Castro has not burned too many bridges behind him for such a maneuver to remain still within the realm of possibility. Cubans now in exile who have known him well, argue that it would be utterly out of character for the man who aspired to become the Lenin of Latin America, and the fulcrum on which the world balance of power shifted, to beat so modest a retreat from his messianic goals. And surely a turn by Castro away from the Soviet Union and toward the United States would be more unacceptable to the Russians, let alone the Cuban Communists, than anything else—even an American invasion or an assassination that would plunge Cuba into chaos.

Eliminating, then, an American invasion as unlikely to serve the long-run interests of the Cuban people, and a change in Castro as unlikely to come about, the one desirable alternative would seem to be an armed revolt of the Cuban people with limited—though essential—assistance from the outside. The frequently expressed view that this is now impossible because the regime has made itself impregnable echoes a belief in the invincibility of totalitarianism which should have been shaken by the experience of the past decade in the Soviet Union's Eastern European satellites. Whatever military equipment the Soviet Union may ship to the Cuban government, it is hardly in a position to play the role in Cuba that it played in Hungary, even if it should wish to do so after its recent defeat at the hands of the United States. Furthermore, the conviction that the Castro regime is immune to overthrow from within ignores the evidence of Cuban history. Since 1868 the island has witnessed more than half a dozen successful or near-successful uprisings, first against Spanish rule and later against domestic tyrants. Castro's triumph over Batista was by no means the first victorious guerrilla-based insurrection against a far more heavily armed government in power, and it need not be the last. If this is the century of the world-destroying bomb, it is also the century of the revolutionary guerrilla, armed with cast-off and home-made weapons, living off the country and receiving aid from a sympathetic local population.

THE PATTERN of insurrection has been a fairly standard one in Cuban history. Bands of guerrillas establish themselves in the rural provinces of the eastern half of the island, usually in the mountains of Oriente, the easternmost province of Cuba. They descend from the hills to burn the fields of sugar cane and raid neighboring army garrisons, striving to establish effective control of the rural areas adjacent to their mountain base and win the cooperation of the local peasantry. Efforts are made to coordinate their activities with strikes and sabotage carried out by an urban underground of trade unionists and students, chiefly in the cities of Havana and Santiago de Cuba. Exile colonies in Miami and New York and in the Latin American nations surrounding the Caribbean supply the rebels with funds and clandestine shipments of arms and supplies. But all revolts that have amounted to more than military *coups d'état* have been based primarily in the Cuban countryside and have depended at the outset on rural support. Great efforts were made by sympathizers to endow Castro's movement with the mystique of a peasant revolution, but it scarcely differed in this respect from previous insurrections which could with equal justice have claimed the title. Most striking about Castro's victory was the speed and completeness with which it was achieved; in its general pattern, nevertheless, it conformed closely to the overthrow of Machado in the early 1930's.

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The prime ingredients for success in all guerrilla operations are the active support of a sizable portion of the local population, at least the passive acquiescence of the majority, and the unreliability and low morale of the ruling regime's regular military forces. Thus the political objectives of the guerrilla movement and the response these objectives evoke from the population are as vital a consideration as the movement's strictly military capabilities.

It was the insistence of the former *Fidelista* exiles on the importance of the political character of the opposition to Castro that led to friction between them and the CIA in the months before the Bay of Pigs invasion. The left-wing exiles, headed by Manuel Ray, former Minister of Public Works in Castro's first revolutionary government, favored giving priority to the underground movement in Cuba rather than to the external invading force. More recently arrived from Cuba than the exiles already working with the CIA, and in close touch with the Cuban underground they had helped organize, Ray and his followers were not willing to bow to the CIA's judgment and direction. Ray's group, called at that time the Revolutionary Movement of the People (MRP—*Movimiento Revolucionario del Pueblo*), doubted the wisdom of a single invasion, preferring a number of small-scale landings on the Cuban coast to be synchronized with revolt and sabotage by the underground.

Politically, the Ray group remained committed to the original goals and initial achievements of the July 26th Movement. They mistrusted the attitude toward the revolution's reforms of the other exile organizations, which ranged in political outlook from eminent anti-Batista middle-class leaders who had supported Castro for a short period after his triumph, through the old anti-Batista party leaders domiciled in Miami since Batista's 1952 coup, to men tainted in varying degrees by their past connections with the Batista regime itself. To the MRP, political and military considerations were inseparable if the true aim of action against Castro was, as generally professed, to enlist the Cuban people in the struggle against the dictatorship. Convinced of the continuing popularity in Cuba of Castro's early reforms, aware of the degree to which disillusioned *Fidelistas* still in office and in the militia could be won over, and conscious as former active revolutionaries themselves of the necessity of winning the dedicated support of the civilian population in order to carry out a successful uprising, Ray and his followers were suspicious from the beginning of the CIA's inclination to view the entire operation as a technical military undertaking—an inclination revealed most starkly by the latter's eventual selection, in violation of earlier agreements, of a number of former officers in Batista's army to command the invasion force.

WHEN THE INVASION was finally attempted, no effort was made to synchronize it with action by the underground inside Cuba. In fact, Castro, forewarned by his Miami agents of the plan, was able to round up all suspected underground leaders the day before the invasion. Thus, the first casualty was the MRP's carefully developed network inside Cuba. There is evidence that the CIA confidently expected far greater direct American support for the invasion than they received, and presumably this disinclined them to attach great importance to the anti-Castro opposition in Cuba. Some members of the MRP even believe that the CIA refused to "trust the Cuban people" on ideological grounds and actually *wanted* the underground to be wiped out so that the right-wing exiles, heavily dependent on American support, would have no organized opposition to deal with in restoring the old order after toppling Castro. Whether this is so or not, the MRP's understanding of the prerequisites for a successful revolt against Castro was disregarded only to be vindicated by the disastrous outcome of the alternative plan.

All this is now past history. The "esca-

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lation" of the Cuban situation into a cold war crisis of major proportions has eliminated the Cuban exiles and their political differences from public attention. Most discussions of the "to invade or not to invade" dilemma neglect even to refer to them. Yet the MRP diagnosis of the situation in 1961 still bears consideration. After the Bay of Pigs debacle, the MRP withdrew from the CIA-imposed coalition of exile groups in whose name the invasion was launched and later disbanded to reconstitute itself as the *Junta Revolucionaria* (known as JURE) based in Puerto Rico rather than Miami. It is still led by Manuel Ray and his group of energetic and committed lieutenants who fought with Castro in the underground against Batista and then organized the MRP to fight Castro when he ousted his former comrades and brought the Communists into the seats of power.

BADLY burned by their experience with the CIA, the Ray group is more convinced than ever that an effective resistance movement must remain entirely free of American interference. They hope that the United States will not decide that it is in its interests directly to invade Cuba. They concede that the Cuban underground needs substantial support from the outside in the form of arms and supplies, and that such support is most readily available from American sources. But they want it with no strings attached that would in any way limit complete Cuban direction of the war against Castro. JURE has, therefore, moved its headquarters to Puerto Rico and broken all ties with the other Miami exile groups, which remain heavily dependent on American financing and CIA direction.

Since JURE's program for overthrowing Castro places chief reliance on direct action by Cubans still living in Cuba, Ray and his associates anticipate that any government formed after a successful revolt would be a coalition of the leaders of the internal and the external opposition rather than one in which they themselves exercised sole control. But they are convinced that such a government would be left-wing in the sense of desiring to preserve and extend the economic reforms of Castro's early months in power. They are not prepared to promise the restoration of nationalized enterprises to their former American owners in exchange for American support. JURE wishes, however, for close and friendly relations between Cuba and the United States. An assurance that the United States would quickly and warmly support a post-Castro government committed to JURE's essentially social democratic program would, they believe, be of inestimable value to the Cuban resistance at the present time.

Today Castro's—and Khrushchev's—chances of using Cuba as an effective base for propaganda and subversion in the whole of Latin America appear to be diminishing rapidly. Those figures on the American right who are still itching for an invasion are reluctant to admit this, for even they have made much of the threat Castro presents to neighboring nations as the main justification for American intervention. But the relative silence and disorientation of Castro's once vocal supporters in Latin America are unmistakable. Only further punitive action by the United States against Cuba will enable them to regain the offensive under the banners of *Fidelismo*. Thus it is becoming possible to consider the fate of the Cuban people in its own terms. This fate would not be served by an American invasion which could only, in the long-run, have demoralizing consequences. Hopefully, those Cubans who remain committed both to democracy and to the original egalitarian spirit of the Cuban revolution will now receive a hearing.

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MARION MAGID

THE INNOCENCE OF TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

A EUROPEAN WHOSE knowledge of America was gained entirely from the collected works of Tennessee Williams might garner a composite image of the U.S.: it is a tropical country whose vegetation is largely man-eating; it has an excessive annual rainfall and frequent storms which coincide with its mating periods; it has not yet been converted to Christianity, but continues to observe the myth of the annual death and resurrection of the sun-god, for which purpose it keeps on hand a constant supply of young men to sacrifice. Its young men are for the most part beautiful and fawnlike; an occasional rough customer turns up, but in the end he, too, is revealed as beautiful and fawnlike. Its women are alternately in a state of heat or jitters; otherwise they are Mediterranean. The country does not observe the traditional Western sexual orientation which involves the pursuit of the female by the male; instead, its young men reluctantly allow themselves to be had on those occasions when there is no way of avoiding it and when the act is signaled and underscored by portents of Elizabethan proportions. They are right in general to be of two minds regarding the sexual embrace, for it is as often as not followed by the direst consequences: cannibalism, castration, burning alive, madness, surgery in various forms ranging from lobotomy to hysterectomy, depending on the nature of the offending organ.

Perhaps the European would not be very far wrong. A culture does not consistently pay the price of admission to witness a fable which does not ensnare some part of the truth about it. Perhaps that feverish tropical set by Jo Mielziner is the land of heart's desire for Americans, as Italy has been the land of heart's desire for Englishmen, huddled all winter long around their shilling meters and damp fireplaces. In any case, watching the ladies in flowered hats queuing up for a matinee of *Sweet Bird of Youth* inevitably raises questions: How much do they understand? How much do they suspect? What do all these goings-on mean to them? Do they flock to a new play by Tennessee Williams because it is sensational, because it is "poetic," because it is both at the same time and the one quality redeems the other? Finally, do they find anything of their own experience —of love, marriage, desire, loneliness—reflected in that peculiar mirror which Williams holds up to nature?

Probably they do. Tennessee Williams is not our best, but our only American playwright since O'Neill. His imagination, magnetized though it is by the outlandish and the outré, is a kind of fever chart of our national ailments. There is, for instance, an image which runs obsessively through Williams' plays—the beautiful young man at bay, the quarry ringed by

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his pursuers. The mind, the sensibilities, the stomach, all recoil from this image when it is served up with obvious relish in a darkened theater, snakily choreographed by Kazan or distended on wide screen in all the glory of MGM technicolor. Yet that image is frighteningly akin to the one emblazoned not so long ago on all the front pages of the land: Meredith ringed by the Mississippi National Guard on the campus at Ole Miss; and in the background, blurred figures with clenched fists. Who knows what goes on behind those flat faces with steel-rimmed eyeglasses and slits for mouths? One has a sense that Williams dwells closer to that knowledge than other dramatists writing about us, for us, today. Though Williams has not, so far as I know, delivered himself of a single pronouncement on the question of integration, though his signature is never to be found on a petition or a full-page ad in the New York *Times,* he seems to have located the trouble spots more precisely than Arthur Miller, for instance, who deals so conscientiously with "social" questions. Williams is American in his passion for absolutes, in his longing for purity, in his absence of ideas, in the extreme discomfort with which he inhabits his own body and soul, in his apocalyptic vision of sex, which like all apocalyptic visions sacrifices mere accuracy for the sake of intensity. Intensity is the crucial quality of Williams' art, and he is perhaps most an American artist in his reliance upon and mastery of surface techniques for achieving this effect.

One result is that Williams' plays cannot be talked about except in their performance. Ever since 1947, when *A Streetcar Named Desire* was produced under the direction of Elia Kazan and starring Marlon Brando, Jessica Tandy, and Kim Hunter, with a stage setting by Jo Mielziner, the pattern for rendition of a Williams play has remained as fixed as a Kabuki dance. Other hands than Kazan's have since dimmed the lights, set the underbrush to quivering, and on occasion gilded the lily, yet the results have always been, when successful—that is, when "like a play by Tennessee Williams"—approximations of that *ur*-Williams production.

There is first of all the matter of lighting. As Eric Bentley observed, Kazan sees the world, especially Williams' world, as phantasmagoria. "Don't turn the lights on," Blanche gasps in *Streetcar* and Kazan passed the word on to the electricians. Nor have they been turned on since. Doing so would dispel the shadows, the evanescence, the sense of undefined shapes and meanings lurking in the foliage. In Hollywood, the word "air" is used to designate atmosphere, the intangible stuff of which dreams are made. Directors in the throes of creation have been known to cry out for "more air"—which means the opposite of what it seems to mean: not clarity nor breathing space nor the light of day, but the baying of bloodhounds, the waving of palm fronds, the lonely clarinet solo, the voices of offstage potion peddlers raised in song. The milieu of Williams' plays lends itself especially well to this hot (Southern) "air" treatment. One suspects that, after *Streetcar,* Williams worked with an image in his mind's eye closer to the South of Broadway than to the actual South.

The second element is timing. Kazan is the virtuoso of a certain kind of tension on stage. His method might be called the technique of unexpected syncopation. The regular to-and-fro buildup of a climactic scene, particularly of an encounter between two actors, is slightly distorted. Pauses are a trifle longer than expected, or a trifle shorter. Long speeches are broken up in eccentric ways, so that unexpected words ring out in the electric silence. No Williams play is complete without the participation of at least one, preferably more, actors who have been trained at the Actors' Studio or temples of the same persuasion, where they have perfected their versions of this curious syncopation.

This mode of diction has by now be-

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come a convention of contemporary American theater in the past two decades. Its components are mainly twofold: since it was originally developed by the Group Theater in its attempt to render "realistically" the rhythms of urban, and especially New York, life, it has more than a trace in it of Yiddish inflection as well as Yiddish phrasing; at the same time it has been updated by hipster gesture and talk. The diction can now be heard nightly on those serious hour-long television dramas which frequently give the impression of being dubbed, so many preparatory lip movements does the actor go through before he works around to the crisis of utterance. This nervous medley acts as an assurance to the spectator that harrowing as the content is of what is spoken, what is unspoken is even worse. What is said is the less important half; the better half is the silence.

Williams writes the ideal "line" for this mode of delivery. It is a long line, which achieves its most striking effects through a Steinian repetitiveness, through the use of unexpected archaisms, and the insertion of unexpected "literary" words and ironically elegant turns of phrase. It is a stylized rendering of Southern diction, which is more self-conscious, more evasive, but also more imaginative than Northern speech. The odd thing is that nearly all of Williams' characters speak this language, regardless of class or place of origin, and it is to be heard even in the grunts of Stanley and Mitch in their more pensive moments.

When a Williams libretto is placed in the hands of an actor whose rendition is tailored to it, the result is an orgy of syncopation just this side of hysteria. It has been remarked that Williams writes great parts for actresses, but only for a certain kind of actress. She must bring to the part a fund of that particular kind of nervous intensity that we associate with Geraldine Page, Maureen Stapleton, or Lois Smith. The champion performance of all time in The Syncopated Mode was the one given by Geraldine Page in *Summer and Smoke* in 1951. It was this performance which brought her stardom and spawned legions of imitations that are still among us—actresses who express emotion by plucking at their forearms and the ever-present brooch at their throats, who issue declarations with an upward inflection and ask questions with a downward one.

The actress who lacks this particular intensity is as fatally out of place as a prima donna singing in English with an Italian opera company. A case in point was that of Shelley Winters, who played the female predator in *The Night of the Iguana*. Miss Winters is not on the brink of hysteria, she does not even seem neurotic, much less bizarre. Dressed in blue jeans and a hastily buttoned man's shirt, she romped through the part of the bitch hotelkeeper looking like nothing so much as a plump athletics counselor at a girl's camp. Common sense as well as the sense of humor rebelled against the idea that she represented that ogre-female, the hideous embodiment of the life force, which is central to Williams' vision of life. Lacking its center, the play slowly fell apart.

All of which are some of the reasons why a successful Williams play in full regalia does not seem written and produced so much as masterminded; it is more like the perfect crime than an artistic undertaking. Williams' vision is not only fulfilled, it is over-fulfilled by Kazan's technique, which is to keep the play in a state of constant explosive motion. Perhaps this is one reason why it does not linger in the mind. Its effect is all in the seeing and quivering at the moment of seeing, a series of shocks to the eye and to the nervous system which renders the viewer captive. Occasionally one has an impulse to shout "Stop!" when some particularly questionable assertion has been made onstage, but it has already flitted away, been swallowed up in the chiaroscuro. It is this shimmering motion that most of the critics praise when they invoke Williams' good qualities

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—his "elusiveness," his "poeticism." It is as though on Broadway that larger ambiguity which is a characteristic of great art can be achieved merely by a blurring of outline. Dim the lights, provide a clarinet solo or the tinkling of a jukebox, buttress the action with a gathering storm and if possible add a symbol or two which seems to flicker on and off like a neon light, saying: "I may look like an iguana, but what I really am is a symbol." Then all efforts to discern what the playwright is actually saying will be dismissed as pedantry, offensive to the "magical" nature of the theatrical occasion.

Lately, however, Williams has been getting a bad press, though for the wrong reasons. Certain of his motifs have become so insistent and so unmistakable that they no longer quite scurry away unnoticed into the underbrush. Yet Williams' vision has not really changed so much between *Streetcar,* which was hailed as our only American tragedy, and *Sweet Bird of Youth,* which outraged even Kenneth Tynan. It seems unjust of the critics to have taken Williams to their bosoms when he hinted coyly at the unspeakable and to chide him when he speaks a bit more clearly about it.

THE TOTAL effect of Williams' work has been to plunge ordinary conceptions of the male-female relation into such disorder that the services of a Harry Stack Sullivan seem needed to straighten them out again. The first of these grand subversions was the figure of Stanley Kowalski, which appeared before the American public and before the world in the person of Marlon Brando. Though numerous actors have since played the part, Brando remains forever etched in memory as the embodiment of American malehood, and Kowalski is probably the most famous male figure in modern drama. Doubtless at this moment Brando's Korean counterpart is playing the role in whatever passes at the Seoul Repertory Company for a torn t-shirt.

Kazan, who likes to get down to brass tacks, described Kowalski in his celebrated notes to the production of *Streetcar* as "a walking penis." Whatever that would look like (the imagination is certainly compelled), Brando's rendition of it came out as something more ambivalent. His mincing interpretation of the role may even have struck sophisticated members of the audience as a brilliant example of post-Freudian insight: the walking phallus must necessarily take on some suspicious mannerisms: we all know about overcompensation, and what is brutality but the fear of cowardice and impotence?

Leaving Brando's performance out of it and taking Kowalski at face value, as written by Williams—what are we to make of him? Even forgetting temporarily certain cultural data—that members of the lower middle class are rather more inclined toward the sham genteel in their sexual mores than toward the nobly savage, and that it is primarily college graduates who are as conscientious about their sex life as though it were some humanist obligation—one still wonders how Stella and Stanley ever got together. How did Stella ever get over those initial hurdles—Stanley's table manners, Stanley's preferences in dress, Stanley's recreational interests, Stanley's friends, Stanley's stupidity? If we accept Stanley as ape, the character of Stella ceases to be interesting except clinically. Williams claims allegiance with Lawrence in his philosophy of sex, yet in the creation of Kowalski he forgets utterly Lawrence's basic lesson—that profound sexual experience civilizes, humanizes, lends grace and delicacy. Lady Chatterley is attracted specifically by the natural aristocracy of the gamekeeper which his skill and power as a lover only confirm. Despite his presence on the stage in satin pajamas and his continued invocation of the "colored lights" we do not really believe in the instinctive animal beauty (purity?) of Stanley in bed because out of it he behaves with such benighted crudity. Did Stanley rape Stella, too, just by way of a how-do-you-do? Do all women burn to be raped?

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Is this the locker-room fantasy that is Williams' version of animal purity?

"They come together with low, animal moans," the stage directions say. Earlier Stella launches into the first of those hushed sexual confidences which run through all of Williams' plays and ring such an astonishingly false note. "I can hardly stand it when he's away for a night," says Stella. "When he's away for a week I nearly go wild. . . . And when he comes back I cry on his lap like a baby. . . ." It is hard to know what is more unpleasant in this image: the overt sentimentality it expresses, or the latent brutality it masks: a fascination with the image of the helpless creature under the physical domination of another, accepting his favors with tears of gratitude. That the emotion of gratitude is not the predominant one that women feel for their lovers seems to have escaped Williams, fixated as he seems to be upon the delights his heroes must be capable of affording. Later Stella's breathless sexual confidences will be echoed by Serafina delle Rose, describing her husband's prodigious feats in bed, and by Margaret describing the absolute "indifference" of Brick, which makes him the perfect lover. When there is no woman on the scene to give testimony, the heroes themselves oblige with weary chronicles of the services they have rendered scores of women: Val in *Orpheus Descending,* refusing to serve any longer as "stud" to women like the impatient Carol; Chance Wayne in *Sweet Bird Of Youth* describing the legions of lonely women whom he has taught about love; Shannon in *Night of the Iguana* confiding his rape at the hands of an adolescent girl. At the center of most of Williams' plays there is the same slightly repellent pas de deux: the man austere, eager to keep his purity; the woman turning to him like Potiphar's wife unto Joseph.

The foregoing belongs, in Williams' world, to the category of "corruption." When he describes "pure" love, one expects hoots from the gallery—but perhaps again the gallery is hungering for any version of that fabled sentiment that Williams can manage to offer. "Pure" love in Williams—which antedates the hero's initiation into "corruption" (spoken darkly, with a faint slurring)—generally takes place in aquatic environs when both the hero and the heroine were very young. The heroine—Val's chance encounter on a houseboat off the Florida coast, Chance Wayne's true love by the Gulf Stream—is generally an exceedingly pale girl with long blond hair—ethereal to the point of incorporeality. In *Sweet Bird,* dramatizing one of those fervid paradoxes that Williams so loves, Heavenly, the "corrupted" pure love, rides at the head of a political caravan, dressed "all in whaat . . . laak a virgin . . ." though she's had that—operation—(spoken darkly and crooningly) "done" on her. . . . How strange to find Williams, the disciple of Lawrence, talking about physical (corrupt) and spiritual (pure) love.

IN ANY EVENT it is difficult to credit those dossiers of sexual achievement that Williams' heroes carry around with them like traveling salesmen with a new fall "line." They seem, when actually confronted with it, to go to great lengths to avoid going to bed with women. They would, in general, prefer to go bowling, to throw each other high forward passes, to wander off in quest of correspondences in the world of nature to their own sense of themselves. When authentic warmth is generated in the plays of Tennessee Williams, it is most often on the occasion of an encounter between two men, and at the expense of their temporarily absent womenfolk—as, for instance, in the moving and very beautiful scene between Brick and Big Daddy in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.* It takes Brick three long acts to be persuaded into bed, and it is only the threat of having his liquor supply cut off that finally does it; in the play *Night of the Iguana,* two acts elapse and the hero goes off reluctantly, as to a martyrdom, only when his resistance has been worn down through sheer fa-

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tigue; in *Sweet Bird of Youth* the bribe of a checkbook and the use of the Cadillac are necessary before Chance Wayne succumbs to the Princess. The filmed version, recording the moment in closeup and with a directness mercifully lacking in the theater, had Paul Newman's classic features wearing an expression of which the verbal equivalent could only have been "aw shucks!" as Geraldine Page undulated rapidly toward the windows to pull down the blinds. Surely even a gigolo enjoys his job somewhat, and Alexandra del Lago is supposed to be a famous and alluring movie queen; but the feeling communicated is of a child being forced to stay indoors and practice his scales for an hour before he will be released to go out and play with the other kids.

INDEED, WILLIAMS' heroes seem more compelled by the mysteries of the nursery and bathroom than by the mysteries of the boudoir, or any more epic battleground. Throughout his plays there is a continuous fascination with the intricacies of bodily processes, the unlovely data of mortality, which suggests a small boy eavesdropping on the talk of a couple of old maid aunts. In almost every Williams play there recurs the clinical-medical set piece, in one version or another; sometimes for comic purposes, as in the detailed evocation of Big Daddy's "spastic colon," which provides a sort of running gag to the play; or for darker purposes, as in the dark references to the imminent demise of Lady's husband in *Orpheus Descending,* or the hushed recitation of what the knife did to the young life of Heavenly Findley. Williams is one of the few dramatists writing who can get a nervous laugh from the audience simply by showing a group of pregnant women on-stage. That shrouded Southern setting becomes a metaphor for an equally threatening landscape—the landscape of the body, interior and exterior, made actual in *Summer and Smoke* when Dr. John, standing before an anatomy chart gives the hypnotized Alma a lesson in reality. (". . . and this is the sex.") This landscape of the body seems as fevered as any acreage on the Mississippi delta plain, with its mysterious shadows and weird foliage—the digestive tract, the reproductive tract, the respiratory tract, the alimentary canal. Stanley, whose colored lights leave something to be desired in the way of characterization, is never so convincing as when he is banging on the bathroom door and screaming about his kidneys. Shannon, the unfrocked priest of *Night of the Iguana,* keeps an all-night vigil with a woman who obviously —as she herself might say—feels more than friendship for him, and whiles away the long hours before dawn regaling her with stories, among which is the episode, observed in his travels, of a destitute beggar eating human offal. And earlier, he has described with similar precision how his moral turpitude stems from the moment his mother discovered him practicing the "little boy's vice."

The effectiveness of the beggar episode in the play—which is intended, it seems, to provide the final documentation of Shannon's and Williams' vision of life as hell—is considerably weakened by the fact that Shannon seems to have told his once devastating story numerous times before, in fact whenever he's had one too many, and its power as a Dantesque hallucination has run out. Earlier, Shannon—are we to take him as a ruined saint?—in a gesture of defiance against the bus-load of ladies who have been tormenting him with sexual or other claims, pees on everyone's luggage to the unbounded glee of the audience and of the two Mexican houseboys onstage who are retained by the management to crouch in feline postures and speak occasional sentences in Spanish. Only after he has accomplished these various demonic acts and been, in addition, lashed to his hammock in the most objectionable exploitation of Christian symbolism since Chance Wayne got castrated on Easter Sunday, does he go off to splash in the waves with Shelley Winters.

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What, then, are we to make of the "serious" import of the play—with all this bathroom behavior mixed up with an apparent concern with the themes of the loss of faith and regaining of faith? To be sure, Shannon is provided with one of those incredible biographies that Williams gives his heroes-at-the-end-of-their-rope to explain how they got there. He was once a man of God who sinned in the attempt to find "purity." But when he hurls a challenge at God—"you senile delinquent"—and a perceptible stir goes through the audience, and when he later flings a crucifix to the ground, we are in the presence of nothing more than that most unpleasant of travesties—blasphemy without travail, without the prior justification of the loss of a deeply held faith: in short, a black mass with costumes by *Motley* for the titillation of a sensation-hungry audience. It is hard to judge whether the fraud or the foolishness cries out louder in this play, hailed by critics as Williams' "gentlest" thus far. There is always this distinct unease engendered by Williams' ultimate visions—Sebastian devoured by the street urchins, the castration of Chance Wayne, Val torn to pieces by the rabid mob, the madness of Blanche. It is not only because of their intrinsic unpleasantness. Mutilation and violent death are hardly news in an age whose experience of Gehenna makes even Williams' hallucinations seem pastel-colored. What turns the violent and shocking aspects of Williams' plays into something repellent is the sense one has of a disproportion. His view of life seems in excess of its own ostensible causes—rather as though a man were to do in a series of women because his girl friend had failed to keep an appointment. The plays simply do not seem sufficiently sombre or profound to warrant their catastrophes; they do not bear witness that the author has wrestled sufficiently with his own demons to give his vision authority. If he had, Williams might have succeeded in creating something like the tragic hero. Wistful, charming, poignant though his characters are, they lack a certain dignity, a grandeur appropriate to their own tragic ends. Instead of resisting them, shaping them, finally transcending them, Williams seems to welcome all too eagerly the most hectic images that flock to his imagination or come across his path in his various sojourns around the globe—as a very chic decorator welcomes something really new in the way of tropical decorations for the patio. And there is ultimately that particular unease produced by evasion—the feeling one always has that his most gothic revelations are themselves masks for a meaning still further hidden.

PERHAPS THE BEST illustration of this last point is provided by *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*—Williams' best play since *The Glass Menagerie*. Here is Williams' finest writing—blessedly free of that false incantatory note and straining after effect which mark his other plays. It is lyric and authentic in its evocation of the American mythology of brilliant halfbacks, beauty queens, and sports announcers. There is an absence of the conspicuously "Southern" or of the Berlitz Italian or Spanish, that Williams usually depends upon for "earthy" atmosphere. Moreover, it is the last of Williams' important plays to be anchored in reality—that bedrock which the theater deserts at its peril—the reality of houses, families, marriage, children, money. Maggie the Cat is the best in Williams' gallery of jumpy Southern women, a more detailed and psychologically accurate portrait than Blanche, whom she somewhat resembles. In general, Williams seems to have written this play with a control that he has not had before or since. Yet the play is astonishingly flawed at its center. It appears to be an Ibsenian play of unmasking, of revelation, of the stripping away of lies to reveal truth. Yet at the crucial moment, the unmasking is evaded. Williams seems to have toyed with the keys of a locked door, dangling them one by one, only to decide at the

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end that what is behind the door had best remain hidden.

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof is about a marriage that is falling apart. The husband, Brick, who was once a star athlete and later a sports announcer is now an alcoholic who refuses to sleep with his wife, Margaret. His wife loves him and wants to have a child by him because (among other reasons) the inheritance of the family estate depends on it. But Brick refuses to yield, is interested in nothing but alcohol which gives him peace, that "click" in the head which signifies the end of struggle. Each member of the family has his own version of why Brick drinks and why he will have nothing to do with his wife, but all agree that his behavior is related to the recent death of Skipper, Brick's best friend. The hostile members of the family, Brick's brother and his wife, have hinted darkly that Brick's and Skipper's friendship was "not normal." Margaret knows further details. She believes that though Skipper loved her husband "that" way, her husband did not respond in kind. She feels herself responsible for having alienated her husband, because it was her attempted seduction of Skipper which triggered his collapse and death. Only Brick knows the truth, and he refuses to talk.

SINCE THE PLAY announces its theme to be that of "mendacity," and since the crucial scene is the confrontation between Brick and Big Daddy in which they both agree that final disclosures must now be faced, one expects that this scene will reveal the answer to the question that everyone is asking: is Brick homosexual or isn't he? Astonishingly enough, though the characters circle this question for almost the length of an act in a carefully choreographed minuet of confrontation and confession, the question remains unanswered. Big Daddy succeeds in extracting from Brick only the admission that a final conversation he had with Skipper was the immediate cause of his death. And this admission is made to seem sufficient. Brick in turn tells Big Daddy what everyone has kept from him—that he is dying—and there is a sense of the restoration of balance, a lie exchanged for a lie, a truth for a truth.

But the failure to answer the question of Brick's homosexuality makes the play totally incoherent. Is it a play about a man unjustly accused by a society which is right (yes, homosexuality is evil, but this wasn't it) or a play about a man justly accused by a society which is wrong (no, homosexuality is not evil, it is only wicked tongues that make it out to be so)? In place of what would seem to be Brick's obligatory speech—the one in which he faces the real nature of his feelings for Skipper one way or another—there is an eloquent and finely ironic explanation of how "pure" love is no less "abnormal" than homosexual love, being so rare. In view of the fact, however, that we do not know whether this speech proceeds from the lips of a man who is telling the truth or from the lips of a man who is alternatively either lying or self-deluded, we cannot credit it. If Brick were, in fact, homosexual, or were unable to face the fact that he is homosexual, the assertion would be patently false—there would then, indeed, be no such thing as "pure" love between men. If he were, on the other hand, neither lying nor self-deluded, then there might. But the assertion cannot possibly hold for all three cases. It seems moreover crucial to the meaning of the play to know whether Brick is weak and self-deluded or whether he is the last example of the pure in heart. Are we to conclude from the author's ambiguities that he finds the two identical?

Most of the daily newspaper critics were so delighted to spot the old-fashioned well-made revelation scene that they missed the point that nothing was, in fact, revealed, and talked rhapsodically about how Williams had once again probed with his scalpel the most hidden places of the human heart, etc., etc. Only Walter Kerr

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of the New York *Herald Tribune* seemed to have noticed that the play evaded its own questions—that the love that dare not speak its name, so to speak, was still wearing a pseudonym. Williams answered by saying that ". . . some mystery should be left in the revelation of character in a play just as a great deal of mystery is always left in the revelation of character in life . . ." which is tantamount to saying that *Oedipus Rex* might on the whole have been a more profound tragedy if the rumor that Oedipus was sleeping with his mother had remained unconfirmed.

Why did Williams avoid answering this question in the play? Partly for the sake of expediency, the same expediency that permitted him to allow Kazan to tinker with the third act of the play so that it was sweetened, assuaged, and its real meaning—the bitterness and terror of marriage—somewhat masked. An audience that will accept the unproved allegation of homosexuality, that is even prepared to accept an absent or dead homosexual figuring in someone else's psychic drama, is still not quite prepared to accept a real live red-blooded American husband as homosexual, and one who moreover gets into bed with the heroine at the final curtain. By evading the real nature of Brick's feelings for Maggie—by leaving open the possibility that Brick's aversion for her is on ethical rather than psychological grounds—Williams avoided writing the important American play, the one about the American family and its woebegone sons, the story of American adolescence which so frequently persists into middle age. But he managed instead neatly to insure the nice lady's comment to her husband when the curtain fell: ". . . how sweet, they've gotten together again. . . ."

Williams does not surrender to his audience; rather he establishes the communion between his myths and theirs. He avoided being specific about Brick's homosexuality not only because it is not "nice" to confront an audience with such home truths, but because he shares that curious American aversion to facts: the view that somehow or other people are different from what they do or say, from what experience has turned them into—that a man is defined by something other than his actions. America is after all the home of the new start, the second chance, and there is a kind of gloomy, adolescent optimism, reflected in the culture, which clings to the possibility that people may change—that with enough love (which means forgiveness) they may one day become beautiful, good, and happy. Williams' failure to pinpoint the character of Brick is a gesture of misguided benignity in his behalf. Like America, Williams lacks ultimately the conviction of his own neurosis.

This same hedging before specifics has always been evident in the critical reception of Williams. There are real and apparent themes in Williams, and the critics have invariably seized upon the apparent ones. They are easier to take, and by now sufficiently orthodox, even sacrosanct, to avoid danger: the failure of communication, the destruction of the dreamers by the practical men, how hellish life can be for the lonelies and the losers. Oddly enough, adumbrating these themes, reviewers frequently congratulate Williams on having once again "affirmed the dignity of the human spirit," the one thing that he has not succeeded in doing. For Williams has never created a character who recovered from the wounds and desolation of childhood.

A PLAY LIKE *Period of Adjustment*—Williams' rather touching attempt to adjust his world view to the comic and the domestic by sheer will power—is particularly revealing in the clarity with which it shows, or shows up, the true nature of his obsessions. It is a banal, ordinary, and even vulgar play about, of all things, how scary the wedding night can be. The play is in effect a mild dirty joke sustained for two acts; but the embarrassment that it occasions is the embarrassment of hearing a

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dirty joke told by someone fairly prudish. What emerges into the open is that shrinking and fastidious side of Williams which has made him so adept at capturing the ironic self-observations of women who are too smart to believe in their own delusions, but too weak to do anything about them, and who are sustained by a certain delicacy of hope. Though it has the requisite Williams touches, the play offers an entirely conformist, trivial view of love as a kind of soothing ointment. Its burden is that somehow or other human beings—weak, frail, tormented, and uncertain as they are—can offer each other at least the comfort of bodily warmth. The bride in the play is a nurse and the controlling image is that the world is a hospital.

THE PLAY IS about false and true ideas of manhood, and here we observe a curious thing. Williams has always carried with him, in suspension as it were, the corrective to his own distortions of the masculine. He knows, as do most of us, the truth about the excessive blustering of American malehood—the notorious fear of seeming soft or sissyish, the mistrust of hair worn too long, of demonstrations of affection or tenderness among men, the longing to go off with the boys and all the other apparatus of stag party camaraderie—that all of this is not an expression of authentic masculinity, but of its opposite. Yet this knowledge has never inhibited Williams' more lurid perpetrations of the masculine ideal—the crudities of Stanley Kowalski, the grotesque cavortings of "normalcy" in *Cat* and *Streetcar,* the gratuitous obscenity of Big Daddy when he talks about women. It is as though Williams were aware of the reality, but helpless before the fantasy. Even in *Period of Adjustment,* which amounts to a course of instruction in that very truth, Williams stacks the cards to thwart his own purpose. He offers us two "typical" American couples engaged in working out the ambiguities and problematics of the married state. The first man is married to a woman presented as so incredibly homely that her appearance onstage in a nightgown instantly provokes gales of laughter from the audience; a laughter which is sustained by the author's relish for the details of synthetic correction that she has undergone to make herself bearable. The second man is in such an advanced state of anxiety that he literally has the shakes.

The play ends with an extraordinary scene. The stage is divided in two: on either side of the partition, two beds are invitingly made up, and the two protagonists, with many a backward glance, hop into the sack with their all-too-willing wives. After the first recoil the viewer comes to the astonishing realization that only in America could an entire play be constructed on the question of whether four consenting adults will or will not succeed in making love to one another on a given night. Where one would expect a domestic comedy by a sophisticated modern author in 1960 to begin, Williams' play ends.

And Williams has, one must recall, the reputation for being our sexiest American playwright. What could, in fact, be more innocent? Coprophilia, cannibalism, homosexuality, exhibitionism, fetishism, violation of the Mann Act, turn out in Williams to be masks for some other horror, darker than any of these: the catastrophe of normal adult sexuality. In the end, Williams' vision is revealed as a shocked outcry, a child's refusal to accept the fact of sex that, yes, grownups really do it. Perhaps this ultimately is what the ladies in flowered hats understand about Williams—that beneath the mantle of the swashbuckling libertine, the initiate, the participant in the dark mysteries, there beats a heart as virginal as their own, as their husbands', as America's—that country where the women's magazines on every newsstand carry side by side starry-eyed evocations of the "act of love" and "Eric's strong arms . . ." and the most lurid clinical how-to-do-it manuals of the practice and fulfillment of heterosexual love.

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SARA

So I'm Not Lady Chatterley So Better I Should Know It Now

A Story

THAT WAS THE summer her mother kept badgering, "Be a little modern. Smoke a little." Which really meant, in her mother's back-hand fashion, it was high time she got married and got out of there. Or, more precisely, that it was high time she got out, moved around the corner into, maybe, one of the flats over the butcher shop, and started producing . . . babies. They should have a little pleasure in their old age.

It was also the summer the family took a flat on the Avenue and her room, even four flights up, joggled with the streetcars and flashed with sharp pin-points of light, was an agony of sound and movement, and it was no use pretending like Virginia Woolf. It was the summer of her last year in college, the summer when, all men gone—or at least those without ulcers and families—she'd been awarded the "lobster trick" at the United Press and was, finally, from midnight to eight, anyhow, a newspaperwoman. It was the summer when she'd first discovered that, in Boston, there were plenty of mothers who violently forbade smoking and the daughters did whether or no, that her Irish friend from Salem (lace curtain) had been happily knocked up by a V-12 student from Harvard, happily because he was rich, too, and they would get married, leave Boston forever. That her tight-bound New England friend, frail and fragile, stood pining for her professor—at a decent puritan distance—whilst swooning through D. H. Lawrence, and insisting that she swoon, too. That the only fellows available for dating, in any regular fashion, were guys on the order of Leslie and Maynard who liked their own company better. It was the summer when she'd changed her name again from Dobkie to Dora to Dolly, and still felt there was something not quite right about the "Dolly," she wasn't the type. When she'd finished her first weeping opus titled "Mid Alien Corn" which was somehow related to herself and the Biblical story of Ruth in an obscure, symbolic, and highly rhetorical way. When, among newspaper people, she was gently learning to swear again, having—if not fully forgiven, perhaps reasonably forgotten—the days when the boys under the street lamp called her "queen of the shithouse." It was, in short, a summer of war, and of girls approaching womanhood in a time without men and a place fast loosening an outworn restraint.

She was nineteen, and the family was worried. Not since adolescence when her father had cracked a boy over the head for keeping her out after midnight, and her mother had spent all the following week talking marriage to the boy's grandmother, had she brought anything eligible around for inspection. She was too much with

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books, she worked too hard, it wasn't natural, she would die an old maid. And there were times, that summer, when she was afraid maybe they were right.

The battle of Moe Schlepp began in early June. Like he was the last man.

"Faege had a letter today," her mother timidly opened the door to her room as she sat studying for finals. "Her youngest is coming home in August. For furlough."

Dobkie-Dora-Dolly stayed with her books. She knew what her mother was pushing.

"He's a Private . . . First Class."

Her kid brother, who'd had to fake his age to get in at all, was a Seaman, Ordinary, and her big brother, who had a nagging wife and four snotty brats, was a taxi driver, plain. At that rate, Faege's youngest was pretty good pickings.

In July, when she was working midnight to eight, taking classes in summer session from eight-thirty to noon, sleeping from one to five and studying in whatever hours were left, her father, sneaking in from a pinochle game, stopped her on the stairs as she was leaving for the office. "You remember Schlepp?" he said.

She remembered all right. Schlepp was one of his pinochle partners from the Workmen's Circle. Also Faege's husband.

"His boy, Moe, is coming home next month."

"I know already."

"How come you know?"

"Ma."

"Oh. . . ." He shook his head, his mouth puckering and a frown furrowing. "He's not like the others," her father offered.

The others were the rest of the Schlepp boys, five of them, all built like icemen, big, fleshy, with huge red hands.

"He don't talk politics," her father said.

Old man Schlepp was a soapbox orator and the boys generally tailed along. At least before the war. She had a fleeting vision of the whole red-faced Schlepp clan, in the middle of Franklin Field, with handkerchiefs, sweating and exhorting.

She raced for her streetcar. "I'll be late." Then turning to her father, who still pondered on the stairs, "Stop worrying. I'm not a freak."

The summer was unendurably muggy and hot. She liked working nights, because it was cooler then. She was losing weight fast, which was all to the good; she had a tendency to heft which the family found "rosily blooming" but which left her aching for a little consumption, her ideal was Margaret Sullavan with a desperate, throaty, come-and-protect me voice. Sad, sagging circles were beginning to loop beneath her eyes and her face was turning the color of a stale, hard-boiled egg from the lack of sunlight and fresh air. On her, however, she felt it looked interesting. With the amount of reading she'd done, she figured there must be somebody, somewhere who would at least find her interesting. The trouble was, even traipsing around on streetcars and subways half the night and wandering through the sailors on Scollay Square, nothing ever happened. She was ripe for something to happen.

LOOKING BACK in later years, it seemed as if it had all been telescoped into that single, short, poignant summer. In truth, of course, it hadn't. There were the years before, years when, fleeing from the youth under the tree, the shock of physical fact, she had burrowed in, walking the city sidewalks with steel arch supports and lisle stockings, trembling. With time, as she reached out, the years when, clutching a box seat ticket, she sat in the dark of the Colonial Theater and began to believe. And still later, as she rode the subways from Newspaper Row, the wobbly movement into high heels and the tottering at the top of the stairs.

That summer, in late July, her brother, the taxi-cab driver, met her one morning as she left the office, bound for school. They drove down Commonwealth Avenue, broad and Bostonian, a clean coolness at 8 A.M.

"Chaike sent me," he said. Chaike was

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his wife. "She's arranged a little tête-à-tête. Something special."

"Moe Schlepp," said Dolly.

"But he's just your type, a bookworm," said her brother.

"I'll find my own worms," snapped Dolly. And inside she was thinking, an accountant, or worse, an engineer. In her family, books meant, not education, but vocation. It was all well enough intentioned; they were seriously searching—really combing the territory—for a high-type, clean-cut Jewish boy with white collar prospects and limited expectations as to dowry and female glamor. "Tell Chaike," she said, "that I'm planning to elope with a Connecticut Yankee."

Which wasn't so funny, since her Irish friend, Meg, actually was planning to elope and within two weeks, did, in the dark of a summer's night, riding a motorcycle across the state line and into the wilds of rural Connecticut.

The night that Meg eloped with Buff, she and Lydia, her Puritan friend, met in the bar and grill they called "Ptomaine Tavern." It was a newspaper hangout, cobwebbed on the narrow block between the press associations, the Boston Globe, and the Boston Post. Lydia worked the 3:30 to midnight, on much the same basis as Dolly got the midnight to eight. No men. At midnight, Lydia generally stopped off for a few rounds of beer. It wasn't a matter of gay abandon; she was hoping it would fatten her up. Whatever Dolly's notions of romance were, Lydia, bone thin, wanted a bit of plumpness for her professor, however remote the possibilities might be.

Dolly had a night off, and she felt edgy. She didn't need the beer, she wanted very much to get drunk. "You can't get drunk on beer," she kept repeating, it being the third round, and she already quite giddy.

"Have you read *Lady Chatterley's Lover* yet?" said Lydia, six books on the bench beside her.

"It's banned in Boston," said Dolly righteously. "Along with *The Decameron* and Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

"Oh, Dolly, you must, you simply must. . . ."

"I'm tired of reading," said Dolly, a drunken candor suddenly overflowing. "I think I would prefer a little something in the flesh."

And gray eyes searching brown, together, they wept.

THE FAMILY TOOK a room at the beach for the month of August—in one of those porch-fronted sagging seaside hotels where all the city neighbors, suddenly denuded and with knobby knees, bulging breasts, in dripping bathing suits, absurdly played the same pinochle and poker games and argued with the same butcher as if the entire neighborhood had, at one shot, been thrown, sweat, torment, turbulence and all, into the same hotel. She refused to go. Her work, she said. Work, she knew, was sacred. Not so sacred for a woman, but sacred enough. Her mother hedged, perplexed. Finally, said her mother, "I'll leave the sheets off the parlor, maybe you can entertain, private, on Sundays, when there's no school and you're not working." Her mother was a huge battleship of a woman, but Dolly confused her, and she always appeared querulous, uncertain, eyes dodging, when confronted by her daughter. "Faege's youngest. . . ." her mother began again. But Dolly cut her short. "I haven't the time."

So she stayed in the city, alone. The house was a little frightening, but she was hardly in it, except for Sundays, and she treasured the quiet, not that she was antisocial, just that the years of elbow rubbing, of loud and vocal humanity each pinching the next to make certain they were still alive, had left her with a desperate, inarticulate longing for separateness. And at the same time, as her body stirred with a new awakening, for a shared separateness, for one other.

Even Lydia, stiff, purple-veined Lydia, wrote passioned letters to the boy-from-

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next-door, who was, at the moment, in France. Dolly was sure it would all come to nothing, but at least Lydia was getting it off her chest.

Which was the reason, she supposed, she ever got hooked into that lousy USO picnic sponsored by the ladies of Junior Hadassah. She could beat Lydia at the passioned letter game any day of the week. Only, she needed a serial number.

She should have expected what happened; normally, she would have. But these weren't normal times. She knew the Junior Hadassah type—nine to five secretaries with a lunch hour spent at the cosmetic counter of Filene's Bargain Basement, *True Confessions* hidden under movie magazines, slacks on Sunday over gilt high heels. And long engagements, very long, very respectable engagements, with bewildered young men wearing the family's seal of approval. She bore them no ill will, but she had, unfortunately, outgrown them. From the vantage point of her midnight maturity, they seemed, servicemen escorts as well, incredibly young. It being Sunday, and she being tired, she found herself a rock, and went to sleep.

She woke to the ping of an acorn on her head. Then another, matched by a singsong refrain, "Giant oaks from acorns grow, yo-ho." Ping, went the acorn again.

Bending stealthily round the rock, she caught a glimpse of a slumped khaki shoulder flipping a handful of the seeds, desultory and desolate.

"Not on my head, they don't," she stood up, shaking her hair.

He was leaning against the rock, a crummy, paperbound book propped against his knees. His gray face was lost behind a pair of horn-rimmed glasses and his fresh, whiffle haircut stood screaming on edge. The uniform was a mistake, she decided, and went back to her berth.

She sensed him standing over her, though her eyes were closed. Opening them, she took a quick inventory, a Halloween skeleton rattling around in his big brother's soldier suit, and she closed them again. But he stood fixed. "So say something," she said, finally.

He extended a limp hand. "Moe Schlepp, Private, First Class."

As SHE SAID before, she should have expected it. Anyway, they hid there behind the rock, tossing acorns around, and moping. The paperbound book was *Lady Chatterley's Lover.*

"Any good?" she asked, feigning innocence.

"So-so," he mumbled.

"How come you're reading it then?"

He took his glasses off to look at her better. His eyes, she noted, were a nearsighted green. "Lady," he said, "you ain't in the army at-all without you've read *Lady Chatterley's Lover.*"

On the beach below, arms and legs shining copper in the sun flashed tense and solid through the shifting sand. A multicolored ball hung in the air, suspended in aching brilliance against the more muted tones of lake and sky. And the sound of laughter, bouncing toward them, the fresh, clean smell of openness.

"Who's the black-haired beauty in the lemon bathing suit?" he asked, his eyes on the girl who at that moment had leaped to catch the ball.

"Engaged," said Dolly, "to my kid brother."

She herself was vaguely considering a tall, sensitive-looking blond in white.

"Engaged," said Moe, "to my niece."

They smiled, tentatively, at one another, a quick understanding established. Then the usual conversation as to what each did in real life, the pathetic parrying into hidden corners. He wasn't an accountant, or an engineer. He wasn't anything. "Ping-pong champion of Tallahassee, Florida," he said, when she asked him, with her candid bluntness. And she answered, in the same spirit, "I keep house with a teletype machine, nights."

He was chewing on a dried-up blade of grass, sort of musing and gazing, at nothing in particular, altogether too

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dreamy for a guy with five older placard-marching brothers. Plus the father.

"Looking for a bluebird?" she said.

"No," he said, and he was serious. "Just looking for myself."

"He went that-a-way," she gestured, flippantly, toward the docks. It was a silly thing to say, but after all, he'd left her hanging there, hadn't he, way out on a limb, looking, maybe, for *her*self?

There was a long pause while he looked, she supposed, some more. Finally he pointed, at a tangible speck on the lake. "We've missed the boat," he said. The afternoon excursion. She was quite happy to do without. "Maybe we can be athletic and rent one of those little items." He didn't sound particularly eager.

"Ever been in one before?"

"Nothing like the present," he said. "Like we should wet our feet at least now we're here."

It was an old rowboat fitted out with a second-hand outboard motor. He had the right idea okay, shoved off neatly, but the motor wouldn't start. "Here," he said, "you work the lever," and he showed her how, "while I get us moving with the oars." She was never sure later exactly why it happened, or what she'd done wrong. But somehow her finger got wedged into the jamb, crack went the lever, and the mashed finger-tip hung torn and bloody in mid-air, the nail split wide open.

THEY GOT HER patched up at the first-aid station, and he bought her an ice-cream cone, worried and apologetic. She laughed it off. "Anyway," she said, "it's my left hand. I can still peck at the typewriter with my right." At her home, they parted, if anything even more hopelessly gay than before, beneath the bantering, an innocent despair. "So we're not meant for each other," they grinned, "so you go your way, I'll go mine." But she didn't want to see him again, and that was for real. She didn't even want his serial number, for letters. He was being shipped overseas in two weeks, and she had the feeling he didn't know any more about guns and fighting than he did about rowboats. She had the really awful feeling, like in a Greek play, that it was absolutely hopeless from the start.

To avoid him, not that he was particularly persistent, he seemed as willing as she to forget the whole business, but to avoid even thinking of him, of the war and of all their lost youth, she went further out of her way than usual, to keep herself busier—Shut-it-out, shut-it-out, shut-it-out—busier, if that was possible, than ever. At school, she added more hours to her already heavily accelerated program; at the office, she took on features in addition to the overnight desk. With all the strength of a wounded animal, she was running away. No one in pursuit, particularly, except her own pain.

Only he kept popping up, fated, Moe Schlepp, Private, First Class, the ghost of her conscience, the other side of the coin.

She was interviewing Sally Keith, the strip-tease dancer who did it with tassels. She had talked to her momentarily in a mirror-covered, powder-littered cubbyhole of a room backstage, shocked to find her so young, she couldn't be much older than herself, yet already and for many years, she knew, a headliner and a sailor's byword. It was show time. "Stay, and catch the act," said Sally, "we can chew the fat again later." So she caught the act.

She stood timidly in a doorway, at the very edge of the man-crowded room, hugging her pencils and paper tightly in her hands and in full view of anyone who cared to see, they shouldn't mistake her for one of the girls in the line. The lights were on Sally. Otherwise, there was darkness all around, the feeling of too many people pushed together into too small a space, a heavy, labored breathing, and the smell of urine absolutely choking her, reminding her of tenement halls and her father's broken-down shop with the broken-down toilet in the back. It seemed like hundreds of heads in front of her,

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most of them in various states of balding, but plenty of healthy, young ones, too, belonging to the vast unknown and unnamed in battle dress who aimlessly walked that neon-lighted square on the long, lonely nights when she, with typewriter, sat.

Sally peeled slowly, the music thumping behind her. It took forever, Dolly thought, about ready to run again, for her to get down to flesh and gauze. Then the music stopped. And Sally stood there, stark, raving, naked. The tassels were a violent purplish-blue, embroidered in the center, with long silken threads, dangling from her white breasts. She twirled them, grinding, faster and faster, till all that was left was a circle of color, like one of those kid's toys that sends out sparks. A round of whistling, stamping applause, here and there men jumping and shouting, then the house lights went up, and Sally was gone.

She elbowed her way through the excitement, wishing her boss all kinds of damnation, wishing herself anywhere but where she was. Somebody grabbed her round the waist and started dragging her toward a table. And who should intervene? Moe Schlepp.

He had an empty beer bottle in his hand, and probably would have tried to use it.

"My Galahad," she said, bitterly.

"Well," he flung the bottle idiotically in erratic little circles, "what in hell are you doing in a dive like this?"

"I might ask the same," she blurted, close to tears.

They crawled out into the night. She forgot about "chewing the fat" with Sally again. She'd caught the act, which seemed, to her, quite sufficient.

He walked her back to the office, past the all-night penny arcades, the narrow, gaping movie houses with their continuous shows and their painted posters, the hamburger stands and the fish carts, and the shuffling of drunken feet. On Newspaper Row, it was, as always at this hour, deadly quiet. In the daytime there would be large crowds gathered before the chalk boards, lined faces and folded arms, waiting for the news. Was that the summer Rome was taken? But now there were only dim lights in empty city rooms, a lone green eye-shade with rolled sleeve occasionally bent over a single, littered desk. On the street, only the one-legged newsboy called "Niggy" hawking the latest editions to the black and silent night.

"Seems to me you can do better than sitting around ogling cheap floozies like Sally Keith," she said, hitting below the belt.

"Got any telephone numbers?" his eyes pierced hers.

She rang for the night janitor. "Listen," she said, "take care of yourself. I mean it." And she shook his hand. "I got work to do."

A FEW NIGHTS later, she ran into him again on the streetcar, shortly before midnight, on her way to the office. At that hour, in her neighborhood at any rate, the cars rattled their empty way to the city, driven by unseen motormen behind curtained shrouds, and nobody, but nobody, was ever in them.

He lay stretched out on one of the double benches at the back, hiccuping, and reading.

She sat down opposite, and he tipped his hat. "Welcome," he said. "Will you join me on my wagon ride to hell?" Hic.

Then he tottered over, cross the wooden slates, and handed her the book. "For you," he said. "Enjoy it."

It was a brand new, Modern Library edition of *The Sex Problem in Modern Society*.

"Moreover," he said, and he had to hang onto the straps above to keep from falling completely, "I bought it in Boston. Not banned."

She hated him at that moment, as much as she hated the city that had bred her, and all the stinking flesh that had warmed her, for never having allowed her either

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childhood or girlhood, or the comfort of not-knowing. She wanted to walk out and meet life pure in heart, with illusion and belief, and a reverence for the mystery that was her birthright. But it wasn't given so; perhaps it wasn't given to any in that time and place. There was no innocence, and there were no young.

The whole city lay clouded in humidity that summer, like one great big Turkish bath. And she, too, denuded, vulnerable, unable to see beyond the perspiring mist.

When she stopped off for a beer with Lydia before going up to the office later in the week, Moe sat there, ensconced, in a corner of the booth.

Like a bad and broken record, Lydia began the introductions again.

Dolly waved her off. "Enough," she said. "We've met."

"Let's drink to him in that case," said Lydia, "for he's off to the wars tomorrow."

Dolly stiffened. Had she then so successfully drowned the passing days?

His hand brushed hers.

There are those for whom conversation is just so much cheap lace. Moe and Dolly, in the pathetic inadequacy of their human frames, in the void they both recognized between the felt and the expressed, were of those.

Knowledgeable, with a candor shorn of any ornament, their hands clasped and held.

HE STAYED WITH her, in the office, through the night. Such a long night. While she took the fight results and clipped the morning editions and the desks stood empty all around. "This is being a newspaperwoman?" his eyes mocked her. "What did you expect... Broadway...?"

In the morning, they went home to her room over the streetcars, as the sun rose and the day opened slowly to the heat. On the stairs, faces flushed, they awkwardly edged past Mr. Teitelbaum, the second-floor tenant, heavy and lumbering and still dazed with sleep, as he stumbled on his way to the factory where he would stand, choked, and even more dazed, in the steam of the afternoon, pressing pants. "Tell me," says Mr. Teitelbaum, "how's the family?" Grimacing, "Fine, everybody's fine, thank you for asking," they climbed upward, to that room with its fading flowered wallpaper and its view looking out on steel tracks and concrete walks and murky shops and peeling billboards and the drugstore cowboys on the corner, what was left of them.

They stood in the doorway, uneasy. "You want something to eat?" she said.

The kitchen stared white and barren.

"Got anything to drink?" he said, turning away from her.

"Tea."

"Nothing stronger?"

She was burrowing in the pantry. Sometimes her mother kept a crock of cherries fermenting beneath the cupboards, for the holidays. She dragged it out.

He laughed. "It takes two Jews to salute their virginity in Passover Wine."

The crock was too heavy to move. So they sat there, in the moldy pantry, Indian fashion, with legs crossed, gulping.

"God, it's sweet." His mouth was a wry, downward turned purple.

"I don't feel so good," she said.

"To tell you the truth, neither do I."

He held her as they unbent. She was wearing a thin cotton, sleeveless dress, and her arms burned. His uniform felt coarse and heavy against her skin.

"I'm going to take a bath," she said, wildly.

"Ashamed?" His eyes caressed her gently and softly.

"Yes," she said. "I don't think I like my body very well."

In her room, the sun beat through mercilessly. They pulled the torn yellow shades, but it only seemed to heighten the light, turned persimmon now and coursing through every corner. In the center, the bed spotlighted, waiting, like the stage before Sally Keith walked on.

Moe found some blankets in the closet and draped them over the windows.

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"Thanks," she said, understanding that he understood.

"It's okay," he fumbled with the buttons on his jacket. "I got feelings too, you know," and he grinned. "Like maybe Moe Schlepp, Private, First Class, ain't exactly Mellors." His chest stood bared, a sickly blue, hairless and in-caved.

Beneath the covers, they hid, wet and sweaty, eyes closed and blood pounding. With all their bleak honesty, for all their tutored courage, who had told them and how were they to know that blunder, and ineptitude, and this moist despairing willed effort were also part of youth, and that their nakedness notwithstanding, they, too, stood innocent before the joining.

For her, there was pain, and nothing much else. Blood on the sheets, and they would have to be washed. Her family.

For him? "I'm sorry," he said.

"Don't be sorry," she said. "So I'm not Lady Chatterley. So better I should know it now, than later."

IN THE FALL, she left Boston and went to New York City, armed with college degree, newspaper guild card, and a little experience. She still didn't know any better, if she wasn't queen of the shithouse, or Lady Chatterley, who she was, nor did she ever find out for sure. And since Moe died in the war, she supposed he never found out either. But she hoped that somewhere, before he died, if only on a German field with a German fraulein, bestial and uncaring, he'd had it where he wasn't sorry.

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Israel's Three Cities

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

THE MEETING point of Haifa is the observation platform in the middle of Panorama Road. It is always crowded. People come casually to stare at the most spectacular sweep of the Mediterranean in Israel, and go away surfeited. It is a purpose in itself. Almost every day, a very old man, accompanied by two students from a neighboring yeshiva, comes there to read on one of the benches. And every morning and evening an Arab woman rides past on her donkey, keeping her back to the view both on the way up and down.

A view needs to be related in order to be understood. In Haifa the reference points are the oil refineries, the docks, the immense Dagon storehouse, the stacks of the cement works, and beyond everything, the bland vista of the sea. The eye, accustomed to staring out, naturally moves beyond these industrial fixities and takes in the ships. Not the liners coming and going with African heads of state, but the immigrant ships working regular passage. The observation platform cannot break through its limitations: at that height the number of funnels is all that matters. But immigration is the unconscious rhythm of Haifa.

The mechanism is now so smooth that it passes almost unnoticed in the town. A ship docks at six in the morning and is cleared by ten. Everything is geared to make these routines as inconspicuous as possible. Bureaucratic efficiency is counteracted only by groups of high school children sent as welcoming parties, detailed to carry the hand luggage. For them it is a morning's outing. The trucks drive the immigrants away, the ship is prepared for sea: the pulse goes on.

Haifa has abruptly changed its character in the last fourteen years: a different city has been superimposed on the old Arab town. At both stages, though, as far as the state was concerned, the natural function of the place has been to absorb immigrants. Haifa itself deliberately ignores this process. It is through this tacit indifference to the changing population that Israeli conservatism has evolved. Conservatism in Israel is a shield against the present and the future, and it seems to operate particularly in Haifa. It is a defense against the influences of successive waves of immigrants, all of which inevitably impede organic growth of the new community. In the absence of more embracing reference points, the small ethnic communities in turn remain heterogeneous, clinging to whatever can be maintained from previous ways of life.

* * *

Some law of social accretion, of bottleneck, has hemmed in the Sephardic immigrants from North Africa, as if they were unable to disperse further than the quarters surrounding the docks where they landed. They have moved into the old abandoned Arab town, spreading behind the port and northward to the industrial zone. Much of this housing was badly damaged, and the whole district is still cased with rubble from half-cleared *souks,* with sections of houses trimmed away, or supported by a few arches which have not yet collapsed, and steps leading unevenly up to

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nothing. All this breeds among the inhabitants a sense of identity, more particularly as the new housing begins immediately to rise like an affront in back of the anachronism of a Casbah, while Technion City stands smugly on the hills behind.

The sense of identity is indeed formidable, greatly compounded of difficult conflicts that continue to fester in the enclosed streets. The principal tension is between nostalgia and resentment. This, for Moroccans, Tunisians, and Algerians, often goes with the claim of being French: the mood of frustration is much like that of the *pieds-noirs* in Marseilles. Conversations begin with stories of Arab injustices and petty tyrannies, the drainage of constant bribery and protection money to patriot-thugs. "I got some money out by jamming it into the soles of my shoes. What they could see, they took." Yet the talk ends on a note of evocation, the memories of a now shattered continuity. The patent resentment of these Sephardic Jews is against the Arabs who compelled them to sign off a long and involved past, breaking familiar patterns: the richer emigrants went to France, the majority to Israel. Such attitudes nurture an aggressive nationalism—a desire to get revenge—based on fear and a broken way of life.

In the meantime there is the new life not of their making, and in the face of the readjustments it demands, there is every excuse for withdrawal. Hence the quickness to take offense, the occasional violence provoked by anything which appears to interfere. This volatility is another tension keeping the Sephardic community in uneasy ferment. It breaks out spasmodically, in such instances as the riot not long ago when a drunken Moroccan was involved in a brawl with a policeman. The word went quickly around the quarter that an Ashkenazi was ill-treating a Sephardi, and spontaneously a crowd gathered to march on Haifa, breaking windows, destroying other property. Such outbursts are rare, but a kind of promiscuous violence is latent in the area. Evidence of it may be seen in posters calling for: " . . . Complete equality for all the Jews in Israel! Smashing the conspiracy to set up two classes of citizens in Israel. . . . We do not want Sephardim-Ashkenazim. We want one constructive people."

In other towns where there are similar extensive Sephardic communities, Beersheba for instance, this smoldering tension has not blanketed daily existence in quite the same way, despite the same large families and the same overcrowding. These communities outside Haifa seem more ready to meet circumstances with an acceptance which, even if passive, holds hope for the future. The old Haifa slums, wedging their inhabitants into the rubbish-laden confines between the Wadi Salib and the Wadi Nisnis, convince them that the former Arab discrimination might not have proved so difficult to combat as the new indifference, the cold-shouldering, to which there is little comeback.

GROWING UP in this milieu, the Haifa youth possess that mixture of aggression and boredom which is the hallmark of their European counterpart. Some of the characteristics are acquired from the port, though there is nothing here resembling the belt of underworld parasites of Naples or Marseilles. Haifa's young men are, by comparison, well-mannered and socially responsible, clinging together and rarely trying to intimidate anyone but themselves. Most of the youth who gather in the streets seek no more than a personality of their own, or even a little privacy, away from their huge families. The small groups of real Teddy Boys among them take to mild delinquency; a favorite if not especially lucrative racket is to obtain blocks of cinema seats and resell them at black-market prices on crowded evenings outside the box office. Clothes, mannerisms, haircuts, are a few years out of date, imitations of old European fashions. Black leather jackets are now *in* among the Armon Commandos, named after the cinema where they cluster, rowdies not hooligans, and untypical of Israeli urban life.

Bourgeois children react differently to the lack of social integration. As Haifa hardens into set class or income patterns, it becomes more and more common to discover a well-off family reluctantly accepting a son's decision not to follow an established line. There are not so many *fils à papa* prepared to absorb the Haifa conservatism. Reaction only becomes rebellion when there is an ethos against which the inexperienced cannot prevail. Haifa accentuates the ambiguous attitude toward urban life almost endemic in young Israelis: the city offers ma-

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terial advantages, prospects, domesticity, culture, and pleasure—in equal proportions to corruption. To their children, the elder generation appear to have imposed hierarchical and fossilized clamps on the life of the city to produce a system that outwardly resembles those they formerly understood. Only occasional chinks show in the well-protected outward appearances, as for instance in the recent Chicago-style episode in the Haifa slaughterhouse when one worker shot another and then committed suicide. "Who'd stay in a town like that?" one young kibbutznik whose family lived in Haifa said to me shortly after the murder.

Not long ago I went to a kibbutz wedding where the bridegroom was the son of Haifa industrialists who had done their best to prevent him from becoming a member of this kibbutz. In the face of the inevitable, however, the Haifa family and their friends arrived at the kibbutz for the wedding, only to fall immediately on the food, and practically devour it all, even before the ceremony was over. This behavior would have been more understandable, complained the kibbutz members, if the guests had not been so fat and obviously well fed. The last straw was the surprise expressed by the guests from Haifa that the kibbutz was able to provide such good food!

Haifa's insulation from the rest of the country has become more marked, paradoxically, with the general improvement of communications. The port city was once the center for the kibbutzim and settlements of the hinterland, of the Emek. Now that Tel Aviv is so much more accessible, Haifa has less to offer, and consequently receives less. The visitors mill about on the observation platform and then go home. There is nothing else to do.

It is not only the behavior of Haifa businessmen and their families at a kibbutz wedding which heightens the impression that the city has stratified and hardened class lines. Haifa is dominated by its middle-class ethos, most evident in the materialism generated in this prosperous industrial city. The dissatisfaction of the young is the result of living amidst the embodiment of those aspects of the future which call for something other than the virtues inculcated by contemporary Israeli ideals. And there is no going back. The weakening of its ties with the surrounding countryside underscores the accusation of provincialism which is usually leveled against the town. What is intended by this, it seems, is a protest against the emergence of a European industrial city.

There can be few places where status corresponds so nicely to geographical elevation. The road up the Carmel rises like a Mediterranean *corniche* through a landscape of rock and pine, from *shikunim* to villas, from dense living to pretty gardens and watered lawns that overlook the roofs below. In between the clutter at the bottom of the mountain, and the view at the top, stand the former houses of rich Arabs, now mostly public buildings and institutions. In the close-built streets around the Hadar Carmel dwell the professionals and skilled workers, in all their gradations of status. The houses are linked by steep flights of stone steps up the mountain, in a kind of neighborhood, recalling Naples at times. But here the life is quiet, domestic, early to bed and early to rise, with due rewards. The streets are virtually deserted after nightfall: small groups sit on balconies, drink coffee, and talk in discreet undertones. Higher up the mountain it is not so very different, except that the balconies are more secluded: here is the fullest bourgeois existence, cherishing no standards and no aims beyond those of correctness and personal satisfaction, and happy within these controls. If parts of the Carmel are a subdued and ordered Naples, the very top is a Mediterranean Zurich or Geneva. Some of the villas, particularly along the summit toward Ahuza, are large and luxurious, all chromium and glass and air-conditioning. Their owners are the Haifa tycoons, living well, if still not displaying the conspicuous consumption of the rich elsewhere. They content themselves with the comparatively unostentatious comfort of the two cars, a maid and a gardener, the small collection of Hellenistic antiquities, and the broken statuary in the garden.

With exceptions, the social life is marked by a slightly awkward formality, the result of lingering European inhibitions. Houses are visited in rotation, hospitality reciprocated accordingly: perhaps another aspect of the self-defense mechanism. Such thoughtless behavior as that of the wedding party at the kibbutz, for instance, derives in

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part from a nervous insecurity about how one ought to behave. A significant proportion of the middle-class element does not speak Hebrew. The women especially make little or no effort to learn even after many years, unless for the purpose of going shopping. And perhaps it is unnecessary for them, because as nearly as possible, a way of existence has been reconstructed which makes the minimum concessions to the new Israeli society. Just as there is an Arabic-speaking Sephardic community, so there is a cohesive Russian community far removed from the values of a pioneering Aliyah. Their conversation is of Pasternak and the portraits painted by the poet's father. Or of Nabokov's early untranslated novels, and the incomprehensibility of *Lolita*. And there is the German-speaking community—distinct from the Yiddish-speaking—quoting Goethe and wondering about the Bayreuth Festival.

Similar communities may also exist elsewhere, but in a town like Haifa, which has so rapidly switched its population and therefore its character, maintaining only an unbroken rhythm of immigration, they exercise a disproportionate influence. In a swirl of mixed and mixing values, the group will predominate that has a fairly firm self-assurance about the kind of life it wants to lead. Tragic disasters have shattered the past, but not eradicated its influences: and in the absence of indigenous tradition, of a specific quality—whatever form it might take—that could be defined as Israeli, an unmistakable part of Haifa looks backward for its points of reference.

Hence the tenacious Sephardim, the close-knit Russians, Poles, and Germans; hence their inability, even unwillingness, to comingle. On both sides it may be no more than some kind of reserve: but the defensiveness at the bottom of the mountain is countered by the tone of patronage at the top. "It'll be all right in the next generation, after they've sent their children to school." In the interval between the generations, however, are the Armon Commandos, the intransigence toward the Arabs, the parents trying to dissuade their children from the kibbutz, the keeping to oneself, the prim conservatism.

The attempt to rebuild life on a once serviceable model produces a weighted sense of social nostalgia in Haifa. And it is virtually the only place in all Israel where such a mood prevails, deriving from the reluctance to come to terms with something new. It would be silly to exaggerate so intangible and complicated a set of emotions. The immigration continues: the *shikunim* are filling with hard-headed, progressive, and vital workers attracted by the industrial jobs. They are impatient with extraneous considerations. And as a result of their uncompromising attitude, Haifa is unique in having public transport on the Sabbath. Since the Mandate, labor has dominated the municipal council. In the long run, these people may prove most important and turn Haifa's misnomer, "The City of Workers," into a reality.

But for the present the ladies in polka-dot dresses and elbow-length gloves sitting in the cafés do not share in this spirit; nor do the elderly men with white straw hats and malacca canes exercising their dogs in the evenings; nor the old-timers complaining that things aren't what they were. Which is why Haifa seems so cut off and so dull to the casual observer, so stranded in the landscape, so disturbing; and why people coming to it are vaguely, somewhat inarticulately, critical. Impervious to all such criticism, thousands of inhabitants go about their lives trying not to analyze their reasons for being settled on this particular Mediterranean shore with which they still feel no organic connection. All this is what makes Haifa appear to be merely a place with an observation platform that takes advantage of its superb view across the bay.

II

Tel Aviv is a specifically Israeli growth. Unlike Haifa grafted on top of an Arab town, Tel Aviv has evolved alongside Jaffa—the chimney stack of the Reading Power Station culminating the northern sweep of the horizon and balancing the Arab minaret on the southern point. It might be expected to evince the characteristics of integration lacking in Haifa. It probably did once, when it was smaller, more manageable, its inhabitants more unified. There has been a population explosion since then which has diversified the city and whose "accumulation effect"

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is now manifest. Not only through the direct results of cinemas, newspapers, the four theaters, the business world, and big city life in general, but in the heterogeneous social levels. If the pristine image of Tel Aviv is the fading brown snapshot of early pioneers drawing lots for their sand-plots, a small compact group united in intention, the contemporary image is of an unsettled mass seeking to adapt a fairly uncompromising structure handed down from the past to the varied social needs of the present. Events have moved too quickly for blueprints, modifications, evolutions. Unfortunately nothing like modern Tel Aviv was ever envisaged, and the discrepancies have prevented the city from fusing into an organic whole: the theories and the assumptions of the Zionist group in the old snapshot with their blend of 19th-century fervor and asceticism, exclusiveness and moral earnestness, are too strong to be dismissed by the external aspects of material progress. The blend has been transmuted certainly, but it is still pervasive, so that even when the old values have been forcibly rejected, they are notable in their absence.

THE OLD structure is most obvious in the architecture and town planning of Tel Aviv. The first plans of Tel Aviv took virtually no account of the sea, though it is the major natural feature of the place. Swimming is the chief relaxation of the sabra generation, and the municipal swimming pool on the edge of the sea is to Tel Aviv what the observation platform is to Haifa. But this, plainly, was inconceivable to the older generation who planned the city so that the main streets, Hayarkon, Ben Yehuda, Dizengoff, run parallel to the sea and effectively blot it out. The Samuel Esplanade is a recent gathering together of loose ends. The principal east-west streets are not built to obtain a vista—some, Arlosoroff and Allenby for example, swing away as they near the coast as if positively to obstruct the view. People living and working in Tel Aviv have to remind themselves of its natural situation on the shore. Yet the sea and its breeze are the elements which make the climate of Tel Aviv most supportable. Air is the essential commodity in Tel Aviv, yet the narrow, crowded, and airless little streets crisscross the center of the town, only occasionally breaking into the open oblong of a neatly furnished *Stadtpark*. And the houses of three-story blocks, square and chunky, with balconies jutting out every which way like drawers that will not push shut, cling together in heavy concrete surfaces baking in the heat. Some modern building breaks the pattern, but the new luxury hotels that form a high chain along the coast epitomize the old manner of turning one's back to the sea. The suburbs sweeping northward toward the Yarkon are architecturally more enterprising, although still designed on too small a scale and scattered in restricted grid patterns. The one town where one might hope and expect to find some indication or reflection of the new Israeli society turns out to be a characterless and featureless extension in concrete, a willful baby Los Angeles. The new rich—the millionaires—have come in on a land boom, and negated the attempt to create something organic, a town of people gathered together for communal purposes.

The old Neve Tsedek quarter, where the first settlers moved out of Jaffa, is now a quiet slum, its big, once prosperous houses sinking into accepted abandon. Nothing has been modernized or repainted for years. Only a few survivors remain, misfits, the poor and illiterate, unable to get out. The bare, abandoned site of the Jaffa-Petah Tikvah railway line cuts through the quarter, its embankment piled with debris. The area has been rejected and presumably is ready for development. Yet in itself the district is unique, full of tall-porticoed Middle East Edwardian houses with colonnades and caryatids. There is plenty of detail worth preserving, carved lintels, balconies whose roundels are adorned with the Star of David, covered courtyards. Historically this was the nucleus of the old town, in conception a hybrid mixture of Pressburg and Damascus. The process of spiraling away to the newest centers of the city is self-perpetuating, so the city spreads northward, leaving a slum wake in what should be its organic center. No sooner is the claim staked, as it were, than the gold rush is off in another direction. The old districts are no longer fashionable. The culmination of this is the removal of the genteeler elements to Herzlia or Ramat Gan, creating a commuter class that daily streams into the city along roads

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never conceived for such purposes. Los Angeles is nearer than ever.

The old structure is challenged fundamentally by the money which is to be made in the general expansion. Acquisition in Haifa is a tacit criterion or status: in Tel Aviv it is an awkward subject of conversation. The role of money in such a changing society may be beneficial, and there are plenty of apologists, some less uneasy than others about new-found affluence. But there are as many who have inherited the widespread belief—a legacy from their 19th-century socialist forebears—that the life of a city is incompatible with clean or decent existence. Yet this is the world they have grown up in and have to be reconciled with.

AGAINST this grows the boss complex: only natural, in a society still open enough to allow overriding personal ambitions. Activity commands respect. Stratification follows, especially since the ambitious have by and large acquired their skills and values in Western society. Young men in dark suits proliferate, talking patronizingly and deprecatingly about the country and the crying need for a managerial class. They drive big cars and give cocktail parties for fellow executives, earnest, studious, well-informed, able to prove in a few sentences the waste and inefficiency of a kibbutz.

Their parents on the other hand are usually part of the large amorphous bourgeoisie of Tel Aviv, living at a more restrained tempo. The elder generation seems taken aback by this positive, material efflorescence and is quietly critical. It is as if so much has been achieved during their lifetime that they can afford to sit on the balcony playing cards with their friends and accept what has miraculously grown up around them. Indulgence was a liberty hitherto impermissible. If the young want to indulge themselves now, it doesn't really matter how they do it. Careerism is as much a novelty as anything else. Against such attitudes, politicians and the young appear immensely conspicuous as they juggle with the old structure—and slightly ridiculous in their attitudes of self-importance.

Protest at the adulteration of socialist values is limited to very small groups. In an expanding society, carping is bound to take place on the sidelines. Here are not the self-conscious intellectual communities of European cities, but instead isolated individuals —journalists, scientists, civil servants, prepared to be highly critical in the seclusion of their apartments. The main debate is about the state of Israeli society which is bound up with Israel's place in the Middle East. On the whole, opinions lie outside the framework of party politics, which is treated rather as a natural preserve where certain creatures like to sport and know they will be watched. With careers of every kind now open to talent, the number and status of those in the political preserves diminish. The elder generation in turn, hearing arguments about socialist values, tends to dismiss them as typical expressions of the Jewish conscience at work. A dead thing, they imply, is being artificially revived.

Kibbutzniks can be spotted a mile off in Tel Aviv, with their drab clothes and air of fascinated incredulity. "Isn't it dreadful all these people running about and doing nothing?" We were walking down Dizengoff, and a kibbutznik friend began to spell out what a difference it would make if he could conscript the café loungers for two weeks, or four, and how much good it would do them, if their indolence and indecision were replaced by some useful farm work.

To be accused of loitering in Dizengoff cafés means to belong to the new undecided generation. There are those who free themselves by publicly denouncing café values and setting off on some daring new enterprise—like founding a cooperative town in the Negev. And there are a very few, also with great single-mindedness, who keep dancing the twist in one of the humid cellars that have appeared almost overnight. The young people have been caught between conflicting values and have nowhere to turn to resolve them. The cinema has become the social occasion par excellence for the regular viewing of the latest, but not the best, films from France and Italy. The sidewalks are the social parade. There are a few strip joints, and at the famous Mograbi one finds a hypnotist most of the time. Late at night couples crowd onto the beach, singing, eating, lovemaking. Sometimes a brawl starts up with the inhabitants of the *maabaroth*—the temporary huts which still huddle on the beach, an ugly fringe to the luxury hotels.

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More exclusive is the Bohemian world of artists—largely in Jaffa—that takes its cosmopolitanism for granted. "We're not wearing beards this year—they aren't in Paris." Jaffa has elements of a fake St.-Tropez, where the artists have settled, set up galleries, and decorated chi-chi night clubs. In a converted Turkish bath, a revue spoofs the early Tel Aviv pioneers—patronizing but not unkindly. The few Bohemian layabouts have an influence disproportionate to their numbers. Clustered in one or two cafés, they are an attraction for passers-by unused to blasé idleness. However, behind the shore, with its pretty studios and garrets, stretch the one- and two-room slum houses, full of children and chickens. Here, work is chancy, living conditions hazardous. There is no integration with Israeli society. Some of the inhabitants are Arabs, casual laborers in the building trades, or restaurant workers; some are North Africans. There are a few craftsmen and artisans plying their trade in the market. Disappointment and discontent rumble underneath. Once I said to a workman there that I liked coming to Jaffa. He wrinkled up his nose and spread out his hands disdainfully. Then he spat on the floor.

At present, Manchia, the ground between Jaffa and Tel Aviv, is still lying waste, devastated by the war. It is the last land left which could be developed as a city park, a center to give some cohesion to the different elements. But this project has been rejected, and instead the land has been handed over to private British capital for exploiting: soon there will rise up on it a complex of banks, offices, and a stock exchange. Out of the present chaotic jumble of Tel Aviv, anything, however self-destructive, can emerge: Koestler described it as "a frantic, touching, maddening city which gripped the traveler by the buttonhole." The traveler must equally grip back: a free-for-all is on and somebody might get strangled by mistake. The usual judgments get polarized: positive means doing something; criticism is negative. On the positive side, there are the neat, planned, and successful workers' houses on the outskirts of Tel Aviv, beyond the industrial quarters around Rehov Giborey Yisrael. Those who occupy this housing know what they have, and are satisfied: the refrigerator, the new furniture, the cheap paperbacks, provide an initial security for these little developed communities, which are much like urban kibbutzim. Here social integration is a reality, and perhaps here, too, is the foundation which will enable a new tradition to evolve. Somehow a synthesis has to be achieved, or the melting-pot will itself melt away—or turn into a Levantine hodgepodge. All things are possible: work seems like endeavor: this is the buoyant feeling sustaining Tel Aviv. It also creates the important new standards of personal success and failure. A sense of purpose becomes confused with a spirit of competition: communal identity and capitalist enterprise go uneasily hand in hand. Yet somehow the rigid figures of the pioneers in the snapshots need modernizing, but not by being ignored, or caricatured in a theatrical turn. The new images of material progress and bourgeois sophistication have got to enter in.

I spent some time once wandering around Tel Aviv with a friend who wanted to show me what it had been like to grow up there. When we tried to find our way through some of the streets, he got lost, for they had been changed out of all recognition. He began complaining of the lack of tradition, that the whole character of the place had been expunged, so that there was nothing which might give pleasure or offense. He found his way by noticing some tile mosaics on the upper story of a house, depicting Zionist virtues stylized in agricultural postures. It would have given the designer some pleasure that anyone was still aware of the existence of these ugly pre-Raphaelitish tiles, for they were hard to spot from ground level, obscured behind trees and partially concealed by billboards backing advertising signs.

III

THE IMPORTANT question of organic growth comes to a head in Jerusalem. The quick industrial upheaval of Haifa has been a race which has left the runners gasping for breath and looking back over their shoulders. Tel Aviv is a 20th-century parable, falling back for its own consolidation onto its parents—and exacting a toll from its children. Jerusalem, in spite of the ups and downs of its history, has grown into its present condition by means of

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recognizable and deliberate actions for which there was clear justification in the nature of the city and its traditions. This is not simply to say that it is the oldest, or the most unspoilt, or the most historical of the three towns. Jerusalem has felt the same social pressures, the same tensions, the same necessities; and of the three, it suffered the worst fate in the War of Independence by being shorn away from the Old City, geographically separated from most of what was traditionally important. Also, the buildings in the New City only delude the visitor with a sense of antiquity; there is hardly anything here older than in Tel Aviv—except the name Jerusalem. The showplaces are either hindsight reconstructions, or, like the Tower of David and much else in the Old City, minor Turkish fortifications which have served to catch legends. Moreover, whatever Jerusalem may have meant imaginatively, spiritually, or intellectually, in practice it was always a disparate set of communities, hardly an entity. In many ways this still applies, for small but important differences of language and habits distinguish the German quarter, the Hungarian, the Bokharian, the Anglo-Saxon.

Everything should have combined, it might be supposed, to destroy the character of Jerusalem. First the influx of soldiers during World War II, then the siege and ensuing partition, the loss of Mt. Scopus, the establishment of government, and finally the overspilling population, resulting here as elsewhere in the necessary building of housing developments without regard to landscape, and, most particularly evident and painful in the Judean hills, without the use of stone. Yet in a way difficult to define, all the events have been accretions, adapting and transforming what was there before but adding in the process. The distance between the old and the new does not matter a great deal: there remains an identifiable thread somewhere which gives the inhabitants a sense of natural continuity and identity. Of course Jerusalem has the advantage of its complex associations, but in the housing developments which climb up the gaunt brown hills, life is not much different in quality from life in any other such developments. There is just an imponderable balance—metaphysical if you will—between living in a town like Haifa or Tel Aviv, devised on some fortuitously vacant location and approved by a bureaucracy with its planning needs, and living in a place which has a *raison d'être,* however varied and diffuse and changeable. It proves an overriding consideration. By far the most stable and self-confident element in Israeli society is in the rural settlements, kibbutz or moshav, which have a comparatively new tradition, but one sufficiently identifiable and vigorous to sustain them and provide a steady orientation in so fluid a realignment of population. There is no such reference in urban life. Only Jerusalem, of the three big towns, seems to provide something similar, some framework which obviates the question nobody wants to ask: "What am I doing here?"

In itself Jerusalem is quite dull. One long busy thoroughfare, small bazaar-like shops, a few cinemas, and no theater or real community center. Its attractions are staid: museums, memorials, scenery, some sparse antiquities, a permanent national exhibition. Official buildings multiply. (Most of the large central blocks now under construction are unimaginative government offices.) Then, there are the Christian monasteries or churches, drawing attention to themselves by their state of disrepair and neglect. The 17th-century monastery in the Valley of the Cross appears permanently closed; a ramshackle Russian Orthodox monastery is now a police station. Only the YMCA, big and yellow and flatulent, offers the attraction of its swimming pool and its extra-mural studies. The Church of the Dormition, uneasy in no-man's land with its Germano-Byzantine solidity, fulfills the original glistening intentions of its founders, but otherwise there is little for the tourist or the pilgrim.

Whereas in Tel Aviv communal bustle tends to empty people into the streets, in Jerusalem its absence confines them to their homes. The official receptions and cocktail parties for visiting delegations furnish the exceptional occasions for gathering together. Otherwise Jerusalem seems a city of domestic virtues, epitomized by the peaceful districts of Katamon, Rehavia, Talpioth, or Beth Hakerem. There is less here of the steady card-playing spun out with balcony talk included in Tel Aviv's desultory routine, more watering of gardens,

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walking to vantage points, concentration on work, on reading, on family circles. Just as a moshav is designed for a family unit, so is Jerusalem. It is not a place in which to be single. The tempo is *andante.*

The reflection, indeed the resumé of this, is to be seen in the university and its students. Principally occupying the area of Givat Ram and expanding fast, but also spread about the town in various subsidiary centers, the university exerts a considerable influence on the life of Jerusalem, perhaps more extensive than the government. Student accommodations are hard to find, and many students are scattered around the town in rooms. They lead an unregimented life, bound only by the exigencies of their university program. Since there are few distractions, and few student activities as such, the conditions for study are favorable. In the student's hostel where I stayed, for example, it was generally accepted that at nine in the evening one sat down for three or four hours work, however heavy the day's program had been.

Accompanying this intensity was an attitude toward the work itself. It was not seen as a training of the mind, as a suitable basis for some future unspecified task. Rather it was straightforward acquisition of knowledge, of facts and authoritative opinions for direct utilitarian purposes. For someone like myself from an English university, the absence of theorizing was novel. I tried to explain this to my roommate, a sabra doing graduate research in organic chemistry. It seemed incomprehensible to him that students might learn anything by discussion and trying to refute the tutors' lectures. Questions of right and wrong were immaterial: that would come later when one had acquired as much knowledge as one's elders. Until then one's opinion was inadequate, and talking rubbish was the mark of the idle student. It was necessary, he said, to be a jackdaw before becoming an eagle. When I explained that an Oxford student might attend lectures contingent or irrelevant to his subject, just to acquire often hypothetical arguments, he became stern. "There is a job of work to be done," he said, "and a student who dabbles in other mens' work is either frivolous, obstructionist, or decadent." Although serious, and dismayed by Oxford wastage, he was far from priggish; he merely ignored anything outside his field, on the basis of some private equation of matter to be absorbed and time available. Sometimes he allowed himself to read a Peter Cheney mystery or a war story for week-end relaxation.

Compared to an English university, where neurosis spreads like seaweed, this matter-of-fact, pragmatic attitude gives university life a secure foundation and betokens a change from the older tradition of acquiring knowledge for knowledge's sake. There were, it is true, students less intensive about their work, who sat about in their lodgings playing gramophone records, or who went dancing, or rushed off to Tel Aviv on scooters. But they were exceptional, and usually came from the small group of students with money. In their economics and administration courses, moreover, they assiduously prepared for careers as bankers and business men.

PRACTICAL considerations hold also so far as the Arab students are concerned. Arabs in Haifa are by and large a rump group left over from the exodus: in Tel Aviv they are a rarity except in various menial occupations. Admittedly the number of Arab students at the university in Jerusalem is small—less than one hundred. But they are serious and industrious and treated accordingly. I was taken aside by one, a graduate medical student, and asked to be lenient in judging what he called the childishness of his friends. It came from a lack of *savoir-faire,* he explained. (We had been discussing the film *Exodus,* of which he and his friends disapproved. They objected to the presentation of historical episodes in travestied though recognizable form, under the guise of fiction. Nothing, they said, could be gained by superimposing distortions on a situation already prone to exaggeration and fantasy.) But the question that chiefly occupied them was the Arab students' perennial bugbear: what job to get afterward? The harder it becomes for them to obtain the work their training has equipped them for, the more a discontented Arab intelligentsia is likely to develop. As in other contexts in Jerusalem, enthusiasm to work overshadowed all other considerations for the Arab students.

There are other minorities in Jerusalem

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seeking pragmatic approaches. It is impossible to live here, for however short a time, without facing the religious conflicts. Sabbath in Jerusalem has the distinctive, bleak, and humanly forsaken qualities of a Welsh or Scottish Sunday. If the weather is hot, long queues stand at the head of the main roads, importuning passing cars, sometimes waiting in vain half a day for a lift to the seaside. Yet the newly formed League for the Prevention of Religious Coercion finds little support. When the League ran buses out to the Hadassah Hospital over a trial period, there was little popular approval, nor much advantage taken of the service. The very kibbutzim which had provided the transport felt uneasy about their connivance. Even so, the religious extremists make their influence felt at all levels of daily life, not only politically through the complicated coalition that allows them to barter votes for concessions, but in their everyday contacts and continuous encroachments on other citizens' liberties. Everybody knows the opinions of the handful of the Neturei Karta, and differentiates between them and the lesser fanaticisms. For the highly opinionated dogmas of the extremists are treated half as exoticisms and half as a spiritual heritage worthy of understanding and, sometimes, of admiration. The central attitude lies somewhere within this ambivalence, for what potentially could be an irreconcilable clash has become café talk. Mea Shearim, accordingly, is half a tourist attraction and half an asset, a thing which is quite pleasant to have around because it adds another dimension to life. There are a few inconveniences, but these are quite easy to shrug off; and meanwhile there is work to be done which cannot be hampered or delayed by intractable religious considerations. Mea Shearim slowly shrinks into itself, recorded by the tourists' cameras.

EVERYTHING in Jerusalem, Mea Shearim included, is drawn closer by the wall, with its single aperture at the Mandelbaum Gate opening into the Arab countries. Unexpectedly, the wall rises round the street corners, a thin, high, ugly strip of discolored concrete. Most of the views in Jerusalem, from whatever vantage points, are toward the Old City and its encompassing hills, across no-man's land, with the wall somewhere below one's feet. As in West Berlin, fortressed even more obstructively, the wall and the patrolling troops provide a sense of identity, an almost medieval feeling of living within manned battlements, shuttered against hostile forces. But unlike West Berlin, the identity produced is not high-strung but self-reliant. One afternoon I happened to be looking toward the Old City when a fatal shooting occurred in the streets of Musrara not far below. It was all over and done with in two minutes. The only repercussion came from a party of French tourists who felt themselves directly threatened, and cowered, as if still in danger, for a long time afterward. By chance I ran into them again the following day at the university, and they were still complaining of the ordeal. But to their Jerusalem audience, it was a matter of past history.

Behind the wall, inside the university, around its traditions, somehow Jerusalem has fused into an integrated city—perhaps by virtue of the associations of its name, or the tolerance of its elder generation—the Bubers and the Agnons—or because, simply, it is the seat of government. Rooted in the past, it is prepared for Israel's future in some purposeful way not reciprocated in Tel Aviv or Haifa which are far more modern cities in many, perhaps more essential, ways. It does not mean that life in Jerusalem is pleasanter or more interesting, more cultivated or more self-conscious than elsewhere. On the whole it is probably none of these things, and many details of daily life are naturally common to all the three large cities of Israel. It is the attitudes and aspirations of their inhabitants that differ. Characteristics which can be defined as specifically Israeli are being evolved at a different pace in different parts of the country. Many of these attitudes of mind and ways of behaving have grown out of what preceded them, yet nevertheless exist essentially in their own right, created by the circumstances in which they were generated. This welding process is too large to have any uniformity: the finished product depends upon the handicraft of many welders working in isolation from one another. The deep contrast between the three towns, then, is one of pace. The tortoise and the hare are at it again: the hare has a more interesting style, but the tortoise has all the surprises.

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The New Secretary-General

HANS J. MORGENTHAU

THE UNITED NATIONS Charter describes the Secretary-General as "the chief administrative officer of the organization." It limits his political initiative to "bring[ing] to the attention of the Security Council any matter which in his opinion may threaten the maintenance of international peace and security." In the performance of other non-administrative functions, he is instructed to act upon the initiative, and as the agent, of the General Assembly, the Security Council, the Economic and Social Council, and the Trusteeship Council. He and his colleagues are enjoined to "refrain from any action which might reflect on their position as international officials responsible only to the organization."

This limited and subordinate character of the functions assigned by the Charter to the Secretary-General is predicated upon the assumption that the main political agencies of the United Nations—the Security Council and the General Assembly—are able to act in accordance with the intentions of the Charter. This assumption has proven illusory, for the Security Council has been rendered impotent by the cold war between the Soviet Union and the other permanent members of that body, and the General Assembly has been made unwieldy by the increase in membership from the original fifty-one to the present one hundred and ten. As the Russian veto has immobilized the Security Council, so a large and disparate membership threatens the ability of the General Assembly to marshal a two-thirds majority behind any substantive policy. The present eminence of the office of the Secretary-General, unforeseen and unintended by the Charter, is a function of this decline of the Security Council and the General Assembly as the main political organs of the United Nations. First, the weight of political decision shifted from an impotent Security Council to the General Assembly, and then it shifted from an unwieldy General Assembly to the Secretary-General.

Yet this latter shift would not have been possible if not for the fortuitous circumstance that during the decisive period, from 1953 to 1961, the office of Secretary-General was occupied by a man endowed with unsurpassed qualities of wisdom, skill, and courage: Dag Hammarskjold. Without him, the United Nations could never have become what it is today, and it might well have followed the League of Nations into oblivion as an operating political institution. Hammarskjold developed into a kind of prime minister of the United Nations; by virtue of delegations of power by the Security Council or the General Assembly, his office took over political functions which the Security Council and the General Assembly themselves should have performed but could not. The terms of the delegation were frequently most vague, such as the restoration of peace and order in the Congo, and thus gave broad discretion to the Secretary-General's initiative, limited only by the willingness of member states to implement it with the required financial, technical, and military means.

Mr. Hammarskjold's initiative, however cautiously and skillfully conceived and executed, could not help being controversial. More particularly, he and his policies were violently attacked by the Soviet Union. It was inevitable that this conflict should have arisen between the great imperialistic power of the age and the chief political officer of an international organization which by its very nature is committed to the defense of

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a particular status quo, to be changed only by peaceful and lawful means. Mr. Hammarskjold could be, and was, impartial in his attitude toward different nations; he could not be, and was not, neutral when it came to this fundamental issue of changes in the status quo by violent or illegal means. Thus political opposition was added to the lack of constitutional base and weakness of institutional support that threatened Mr. Hammarskjold's new conception of the Secretary-General's office. That his conception prevailed is above all a tribute to the extraordinary qualities of the man. This triumph of a single individual—powerfully supported, it is true, by the universal fear of war—has served to conceal the inner weakness of the organization on behalf of which he spoke and acted. He walked on the most brittle of grounds. It was only the sureness of his step which made those grounds seem less brittle than they actually were.

THESE observations are prompted by the George Huntington Williams Memorial Lecture which the new Secretary-General of the United Nations, Mr. U Thant, gave at Johns Hopkins University on December 2, 1962. The lecture was delivered two days after Mr. U Thant's election and therefore commands special attention as a programmatic statement of the new Secretary-General's political philosophy. As such it is disquieting, both in its general subject matter and in the specific views it contains.

Mr. U Thant does something which to the best of my recollection Mr. Hammarskjold never did: he reviews the international scene, analyzes and assesses the trend of events, praises and criticizes particular policies, and offers advice to the governments of the world. He postulates compromise as a universal principle of foreign policy. He distinguishes between Khrushchev's foreign policy and Stalin's and takes the West to task for not reacting properly to the changes. He approves of the Cuban and Laotian settlements. He seems to favor neutralism as a general principle for the non-aligned nations. He sees "one of the root causes of political tension" in the disparity in the wealth of nations.

With these statements, Mr. U Thant postulates an entirely novel conception of the Secretary-General's office, for he speaks here as a kind of superego in the conduct of foreign policy. His appears to be the voice of truth and reason, to be heard above the melee by the less enlightened and less pure nations. However, no man, no matter how great his wisdom and purity of motive, can perform the function which the new Secretary-General of the United Nations has here assumed, and the attempt to perform it is not only doomed to failure but also fraught with mortal danger to the United Nations. It is because the United Nations is an important, if not an indispensable, instrument for the preservation of peace in the contemporary world that one must point to the weakness of Mr. U Thant's position.

Mr. U Thant obviously thinks that by a sheer act of will an individual, such as the Secretary-General of the United Nations, can elevate himself to a perspective above the political conflicts of the times and judge the positions and policies of different nations by completely objective standards. He is capable of doing this, so he seems to believe, because he is identified not with any particular nation or group of nations, but with the organization of all nations, the United Nations. In this belief, Mr. U Thant is mistaken. The United Nations does not exist in separation from the interests and policies of its members. Either it represents and gives actual substance to the consensus of a majority of its members, expressed through the procedures of the Charter and supported by effective power, or it does not exist at all as a significant operating agency. When in the past the Security Council or the General Assembly delegated their powers in a specific instance to the Secretary-General, it was left to the genius of Mr. Hammarskjold to sense the limits within which the consensus of the members and their power would support his action; and it can well be argued that in the Congo he went to those very limits, if he did not in fact overstep them.

The Secretary-General's voice and action, then, are not his own, nor do they belong to the United Nations in the abstract. Rather, the Secretary-General speaks and acts as the agent of a temporary majority which has coalesced in support of a particular policy aimed at a specific issue. He can speak for the United Nations in the abstract only on one occasion: when he offers the peace-preserving and -restoring procedures of the

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United Nations by pointing out what the United Nations could do if the members were only to avail themselves of its facilities. This was always the burden of Mr. Hammarskjold's argument presented in his classic annual reports.

A Secretary-General who tries to do more than that by pretending to judge the positions and policies of individual nations by the objective standards of truth and reason is bound to end up speaking only for himself, supported by one and opposed by another nation, as the case may be. This is as it must be in a world of many nations; it has happened to John Foster Dulles and Mr. Nehru, among others. Yet when it happens to the Secretary-General of the United Nations it has not just happened to another statesman whose pretenses have left the facts behind, but to the United Nations itself. The United Nations, with its collective political organs paralyzed or ineffective, has only one agent left through whom it can act: its Secretary-General. His political purity, as it were, is his most precious political asset. When the chips are down, he cannot help antagonizing the nation or group of nations who are trying to change the status quo by illegal or violent means. Thus he cannot help using up his political capital as the price of his effectiveness; this was the fate of Mr. U Thant's predecessors. But neither can he afford to squander that capital in futile and dubious pronouncements which have no bearing upon the concrete issues he is called upon to deal with as Secretary-General. How can he command the requisite political and military support of the member states if he has impaired his reputation for impartiality by pretentiously pontificating on the affairs of the world? A few such pronouncements, antagonizing a sufficient number of nations, may well end the usefulness of the Secretary-General as the agent of a majority of member states. They may also thereby bring to an end the usefulness of the United Nations as "a dynamic instrument of governments," to use Mr. Hammarskjold's pregnant phrase.

THIS DANGER would arise even if the Secretary-General's pronouncements on concrete policies were pearls of wisdom, for it would not necessarily be a wisdom palatable to the nations who possess a preponderance of numbers and power. But it becomes doubly dangerous when the pronouncements of the Secretary-General are, far from being wise, rather trivial and beside the point. I shall not concern myself here with statements in Mr. U Thant's address which are controversial in that they express a preference for one kind of policy as over against another, such as his approval of the Cuban and Laotian settlements and his call for a compromise on Berlin. I shall instead analyze a statement which is so deficient intellectually that it might be subject to universal criticism, regardless of national preference:

> . . . the system created and maintained by Stalin was manifestly ruthless and obsolescent even before his departure. Mr. Khrushchev, who is now in control of the reins of government, belongs to a different category of leaders, with a coherent philosophy of the world based on the thesis, not of the inevitability of war, but of the imperative of competitive coexistence.
>
> We may or may not agree with his philosophy or with his aims, but we have very good reasons to believe that he does not want war. The West does not seem to appreciate the full significance of this obvious change of political climate in the Soviet Union.

I submit that this analysis is trivial insofar as it is correct, and that it completely misses the decisive issue.

No statesman in his senses wants war as an end in itself; that was as true of Stalin as it is of Khrushchev and as it has been of most statesmen in modern times. The real issue, to which Mr. U Thant does not address himself at all, is whether certain statesmen pursue objectives which can only be achieved at the risk or through the actual employment of war. Two examples of such objectives are the Communization of the world by the Soviet Union and the establishment of an Asian empire by China. The difference between the foreign policies of Stalin and Khrushchev is a matter of method, not of objectives; Mr. Khrushchev's words and deeds testify to that. A case could even be made in support of the proposition that Stalin's objectives were limited in the tradition of Czarist imperialism while Khrushchev's objectives restore the universalistic aims of Lenin. How would Mr. U Thant have the West react to that change? His answer is: through bargaining and the give

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and take of compromise. These are indeed instruments of foreign policy which, as I have tried to point out for the past fifteen years, have been too little used by the government of the United States. But they must be used with discrimination; they are not universal principles. There are situations in which compromise is appropriate; there are others in which it is not. After all, the Munich settlement of 1938 was also a compromise! To turn to the present, how do you bargain with a nation that believes in the inevitable universal triumph of Communism and regards itself as charged with the mission of bringing about your doom? What can you give a nation by way of compromise if that nation is bent on taking all? How can India bargain with China, when China is seeking its downfall?

Mr. U Thant does not raise these questions, and as Secretary-General of the United Nations he has no business raising them. But the questions he has raised instead are the wrong questions. By raising questions which he should not have raised at all even if they had been the right ones, he has put in jeopardy the effectiveness of his office. Since without the effectiveness of that office the United Nations cannot survive as an instrument for the preservation and restoration of peace, he has done a disservice to the international organization which under present circumstances must stand or fall with him.

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Festivals and Judges

MILTON HIMMELFARB

The Twelve Weeks of Christmas

The last decorations will surely have been taken down from the lampposts by Lincoln's birthday, so the end of the Christmas season is in sight. The Jews of America are completing another cycle of ease and unease—in November, Thanksgiving; in December, Christmas.

Thanksgiving seems made to order for Jews. As a friend and colleague has noted, it is celebrated by eating, and Jews eat rather than drink. Again, what one eats is not the flesh of an unclean animal or a fish without fins and scales, but a thoroughly kosher bird. And what comes out of the mouth on Thanksgiving is equally Jewish—both the message and the tone. Thanksgiving is the great point of intersection between Judaism and the sacral tradition of America. The Spanish-Portuguese Congregation's Thanksgiving rite, which goes back to the 18th century, consists largely of psalms, including two from the Hallel.

In my town three Jewish and two Protestant congregations came together in a Conservative synagogue on the night before Thanksgiving, and aside from having to cover their heads and turn pages from right to left, the Christians seemed to find nothing exotic or inapposite about what was done and said. After all, the Methodist minister said in his sermon, thanksgiving psalms were recited in the Temple at Jerusalem long before the rise of Christianity. "We Gather Together" was also sung. It, too, is at home in a synagogue.

A rabbi told me that it was the Protestant ministers who had suggested a service on Wednesday night. In their experience attendance was likely to be unsatisfactory Thursday morning, because of the greater attraction of golf or sleeping late. They had heard that Jewish congregations did better on Friday night than Saturday morning, and for Thanksgiving they wanted to try Wednesday night. The experiment was successful. The *'erev*-Thanksgiving service next year will be held in one of the churches and the sermon will be preached by a rabbi.

(Reform Judaism in the United States tried two alternatives to its Saturday-morning service, which is not well attended: Sunday morning and Friday night. People found it as easy to stay away on Sunday as on Saturday, but late Friday night worked. Afterward the Conservatives took over the emphasis on Friday night, and now their Saturday-morning service can be so much the private domain of Bar Mitzvah boys, families, and guests that anyone else is apt to feel like a gate-crasher. Protestants have been complaining for years about their Sunday-morning attendance. Will they follow the Jewish example? And, since Saturday night will not do, will it be Friday night for Methodists and Baptists too? That would be a significant Jewish contribution to American religious life.)

In the old days, say ten or fifteen years ago, Christmas did not start until after Thanksgiving. Now the merchants seem to be starting it earlier (and ending it later), and in the midst of our Thanksgiving weal we taste our Christmas woe. As Thanksgiving represents the convergence of the Jewish and the American, so Christmas represents their divergence. Christmas is inherently problematic for Jews—and ex-Jews—while it is not problematic in the same way even for ex-Christians. A Jew can have a tree, hang stockings on the

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mantelpiece, and send out cards, but if he chooses "Merry Christmas" cards he will have an uncomfortable moment when he asks himself whether "Season's Greetings" would not be in better taste, and if he does his best for his children with tree and Santa Claus, he may still find it necessary to draw the line at a wreath on the door. The two or three months of Christmas remind us every year, against our will, that there is an America of people and things and custom that is not the same as the America of the great documents of freedom and not the same, either, as the America of Thanksgiving. In Christmas America, whether we are of the second or of the seventh generation, it is easy for us to feel that we are not quite native.

It is all there in "America," the usual anthem when I was in school. "Sweet land of liberty" is ideological America, the country of the mind, whose doctrines are the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights and Enlightenment and liberal Supreme Court decisions, to which one gives intellectual assent. In that America, Jews, not as the seed of Abraham or even as the children or grandchildren of immigrants from Central and Eastern Europe, but as liberals and adherents of the Enlightenment philosophy, are rooted citizens, while it is Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard—and perhaps Henry Adams, as he himself said, bitterly, about his place in the America of bustle and ambition—who are aliens.

"Land of the Pilgrims' pride" is good for the Jews too. It is the America of Thanksgiving and its Pilgrims stand for all the immigrants who have ever come here, drawn to the new country and driven out by the old. Jews have had more cause than most to give thanks for that America, not least because its Thanksgiving has such a Jewish spirit about it and speaks in such a Jewish idiom. Still, "Pilgrims" can also mean the real, physical Pilgrims, Mayflower Anglo-Saxons. Then it leaves us on the outside, because it merges with the "land where our fathers died."

That is the opposite of ideological America. It is ancestral, hereditary, almost biological. Few Jewish families have been here long enough for most of us to be able to say with any conviction that this is the land where our fathers died, but even those of us who are or could be Sons or Daughters of the American Revolution must perceive a fatal ambiguity in the words. We had our handful of Haym Salomons, but no Founding Fathers. In the America of the Christmas months Jews cannot spontaneously enjoy the family celebration. We feel like children who were adopted, so late in life that we cannot pretend to ourselves that there is no difference. Time has not controverted the prediction made almost a generation ago by Warner and Srole in their *Social Systems of American Ethnic Groups,* that an honorary birthright would be granted less readily to Jews than to others of European stock.

Since one of the three Americas, and not the least important, is a land of family (or clan) and memory, I am always startled when critics, often Jews, explain something about American literature by the standard assertion that rootlessness, or lack of tradition, or Americanness as an act of will rather than a matter-of-fact and natural identity, is the essential clue to America. In their own lives the critics might not want to belong to the societies revealed to us by Faulkner or Auchincloss or Cozzens or Marquand or O'Hara, but would they be accepted in those societies even if they wanted to be? Though Jewish literary intellectuals sometimes deplore America's traditionlessness, it may be that their definition of America as personal-volitional is not less optative and contrary to fact than the desire of ordinary Jews to believe that America is the sweet land of liberty and the land of the Pilgrims' pride, but not the land where our—which is to say, *their*—fathers died.

Two Decisions

As the Romans said about books, Supreme Court decisions have their destinies. Justice Black's majority opinion in the Regents' Prayer case, which was handed down in June, suffered no lack of public attention or comment, whereas a year earlier a decision (or cluster of decisions) in four cases arising out of Sunday-closing laws had gone relatively unnoticed. Because it struck down the Regents' Prayer as an impermissible breach in the wall of separation between church and state, the Supreme Court has probably never stood higher in Jewish esteem. Most Jews apparently do not know

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that in two of the Sunday-closing cases the Court ruled against Jews who wanted an exemption because they close their businesses on Saturday.

In one of those cases, having to do with a kosher market in Massachusetts, Chief Justice Warren's majority actually reversed a lower court which had held that the state law was sectarian and discriminatory in enforcing the Christian at the expense of the Jewish Sabbath. In general, the majority found that Sunday-closing laws are neither sectarian (though in the Massachusetts law Sunday is always "the Lord's day") nor discriminatory; that to be sure, they had their origin in Christianity and Christian influence upon government, but that now they are secular; and that if forbidding work on Sunday to those who abstain from work on Saturday forces them to go out of business, too bad, they must take their loss. Justice Frankfurter, who took no part in the Regents' Prayer decision, concurred with the majority in the Sunday cases—perhaps, in some measure, because his doctrine of judicial restraint teaches reluctance to overrule legislatures. But Warren, like Black, is a judicial activist, and his ruling against the Jews in the Sunday cases is unlikely to have arisen from that reluctance.

The dissenting opinions were impressive. Justice Douglas said that Sunday laws are by their nature religious, that they violate the separation of church and state, and that everyone should be allowed to do business on Sunday. Justices Brennan and Stewart upheld the restriction on those who wish to do business on Sunday for merely commercial reasons, but were indignant about the refusal to exempt observers of the Jewish Sabbath. Brennan declared that the "effect [of Sunday laws without exemptions] is that no one may at one and the same time be an Orthodox Jew and compete effectively with his Sunday-observing fellow tradesmen. . . . What overbalancing need is so weighty in the constitutional scale that it justifies this . . . limitation of appellants' freedom? . . . It is not even the interest in seeing that everyone rests one day a week, for appellants' religion requires them to take such a rest. It is the mere convenience of having everyone rest on the same day. . . . In fine, the Court, in my view, has exalted administrative convenience to a constitutional level high enough to justify making one religion economically disadvantageous. . . . The Court forgets, I think, a warning uttered during the congressional discussion of the First Amendment itself: '. . . the rights of conscience are, in their nature, of peculiar delicacy, and will little bear the gentlest touch of governmental hand. . . .'"

Stewart, in turn, denounced "a law which compels an Orthodox Jew to choose between his religious faith and his economic survival. That is a cruel choice. It is a choice which I think no state can constitutionally demand. For me, this is not something that can be swept under the rug and forgotten in the interest of enforced Sunday togetherness. I think the impact of this law upon these appellants grossly violates their constitutional right to the free exercise of their religion."

IN THE Regents' Prayer case Stewart was the lone dissenter, and Douglas concurred but did not join with the majority. Both in that and in the Sunday cases each was consistent with himself and each delivered an opinion that had internal coherence and logic—unlike Warren's majority in the Sunday cases and Black's (which included Warren) in the Regents' Prayer.

Douglas's position, explicitly or implicitly, is this. Whatever may be the historical and contemporary relation among culture, society, and religion in the United States, our law and government must be secular. Consequently, there must be no legal or governmental support or encouragement of religion, or aid to religion. This means that not only prayers in public schools, however nonsectarian, are unconstitutional, but also chaplains in Congress and the armed services, chapel at the service academies, religious services in federal hospitals and prisons, religious proclamations by the President, use of the Bible for administering oaths, "In God We Trust" on our coins, the mention of God in the Pledge of Allegiance, tax exemptions and postal privileges for religious organizations, tax deductions for contributions to religious organizations, and the words that are part of the ritual for convening the Supreme Court itself: "God save the United States and this honorable court." (He mentions these, and more, in the Regents' Prayer case.) Similarly, law and gov-

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ernment have no business remembering the Sabbath day, Christian or Jewish, to keep it holy. Douglas is insisting that law and government should be religion-blind, much as liberals used to insist that in matters of race, law and government should be color-blind.

Stewart, on the other hand, does not believe that government and law can or should be separated from society and culture. The no-establishment and religious-freedom clauses are foundation stones of American democracy, he would say, but the adjective is as significant as the noun. In America religious freedom and the mutual independence of church and state have not been threatened by such things as tax deductibility for contributions to religious institutions. On the contrary, Stewart believes, they have been strengthened. And it is precisely because he considers governmental benignity toward religion (but not toward any denomination) as permissible or actually desirable that he is concerned about the unfair treatment of any religious minority. Realizing that the Christianity of most Americans and the Christian influences on American culture and institutions must affect the public life, he is especially careful to protect the right of Jews not to be made to conform to Christian usages.

In the Regents' Prayer case the Warren-Black majority refused to go as far as Douglas, but the distinction they drew between the Regents' Prayer and the Supreme Court prayer—the former religious, the latter ceremonial or patriotic—is unconvincing. Douglas has the better of that argument, and so has Stewart: the Regents' Prayer and the Supreme Court prayer must be offensive or inoffensive together. But not only are Warren and Black inconsistent within their decision on the Regents' Prayer, they are also inconsistent between their Regents' Prayer and their Sunday-closing decisions. If a nonsectarian prayer is unconstitutional, *a fortiori* so should a state's enforcement of "the Lord's day" be. Yet the majority could bring itself to deny that "the Lord's day" is the Christian Sabbath! (". . . the objectionable language is merely a relic.") It is not hard to imagine how they would have dealt with that relic if they had wanted to rule against the Sunday law rather than for it.

One lawyer told me that he welcomed the decision against the observers of the Jewish Sabbath because, in his opinion, a decision for them would have established a bad precedent, encouraging all sorts of exceptions for minority religions and thus weakening the separation principle. I am sure that other Jews besides him assign less value to protecting observers of the Jewish Sabbath against discrimination than to rejecting all sectarian special pleading, so called. Their admiration for Warren has not abated on account of his decision in the Sunday cases. I understand them, though I do not agree with them. What I do not understand is why a religious movement and a scholarly institution that say they are dedicated to strengthening Sabbath observance among Jews have continued, even after Warren's decision, to go out of their way to shower honors upon him.

THE immanent logic of Warren and Black's Regents' Prayer position must lead them to Douglas's, though in 1962 they stopped short of it. Then tax deductibility for contributions to Harvard might be unconstitutional, as aiding the Harvard Divinity School; together with deductibility for contributions to UJA and Jewish federations, because these are, after all, sectarian. Thanksgiving might be unconstitutional. The use of policemen to supervise the heavy traffic at the congregational religious school my children attend might be unconstitutional. I doubt that that is what we really want. And I doubt that we really think that the Supreme Court majority can go much farther toward full agreement with Douglas before the Congress and the state legislatures and the people amend the Constitution to legitimize breaches in the wall of separation that would retrospectively make the breaches we now complain of look like pinholes.

But even an uncontested definition of church-state relations in the spirit of Douglas, which raises higher the wall of separation, will not produce true religious neutrality in our public life. Sunday will still be the primary day of rest in the civil service. And there will always be a Christmas.

In a way, history has provided us with a laboratory experiment. Between 1905 and 1940 the Third French Republic had as much separation between church and state, legally and institutionally, as has ever been known in the West. France was committed

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to a religious neutrality sometimes indistinguishable from irreligion. Yet in that France, where all religions were ignored, Judaism was more ignored than Christianity. Children went to school—and still go—on Saturday, not Sunday. In England, with much less separation between church and state, there is more regard for the religious sensitivity of Jewish children, or simply their dignity.

Suppose an America with a religious neutrality something like that of the Third French Republic, and suppose another day added to the school week. Which would it be, Saturday or Sunday? A society truly neutral about religion, or even a truly neutral legal and institutional structure, never was and can never be.

The preference of many Jews for Douglas's decisions over Stewart's is one more symptom of the old modern-liberal-Jewish weakness for the hypothetical and abstract, to the neglect of the real and concrete. Still, there is a certain visionary quality about it that is in some sense admirable. Not so a preference for Warren's decisions. Warren has deserved well of the Republic, and we should support him against the yahoos. That is enough. If he be not so to me, what care I how fair he be?

"The Jewish Vote" Again

Time was not alone in talking, erroneously, about a Jewish vote for Morgenthau against Rockefeller in the election for governor of New York. When the Democrats nominated Morgenthau, they obviously hoped that his name, made famous by his grandfather and father, would appeal to Jewish voters. Yet the chances are that proportionately more Jews voted for Rockefeller in 1962 than in 1958, when his opponent was the incumbent Harriman, not a Jew. At the very least, they did not vote less for Rockefeller in 1962 than in 1958. Why that was so is unclear. Rockefeller is not strongly separationist in church-state questions, and in any event conscientious Democrats (or liberals) might be expected to reason that since a victory for Rockefeller would make him the front-runner for the Republican presidential nomination, he should be cut down.

Perhaps they did not want to cut down a liberal Republican, being more interested in preventing the nomination of a reactionary. (Like everyone else in New York State, they liked the liberal Republican Senator Javits, who won by a much larger majority than Rockefeller.) Perhaps they were unimpressed by Morgenthau, or resented the assumption that they would find a Jewish candidate irresistible. Perhaps they simply were not hungry. There were plenty of Jewish candidates for other high offices.

It is still safe to affirm that Jews vote less for a candidate as "one of our own" than any other comparable group in the United States, including white Anglo-Saxon Protestants where they are a minority.

* * *

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"Playboy" and Its Readers

To the Editor of Commentary:

It would be a pleasurable challenge to answer Professor Benjamin DeMott's critique of *Playboy* ["The Anatomy of Playboy," Aug. '62] were it not for two rather confounding difficulties. The first is that, from his description of his target, we can only recognize it as ourselves because he gives it our name; in his syllogistic sleight of hand, Popculture is bad (who'll arise to deny it?), *Playboy* is the apotheosis of Popculture (a proposition he fails to prove), therefore *Playboy* is bad. The second is that hacking a path through the densely prolix jungle of his prose left us not quite certain just what the hell he was driving at. We think we have it figured out, however, as we'll point out in a moment, and our conclusion leaves us with the image of DeMott firing his heaviest artillery with something of a dull thud, avoiding striking his feet only because he's got them planted firmly in his mouth.

DeMott shows ignorance of journalism as well as of the eroticism which he seems unable to take or leave alone. He lumps *Playboy* with other, imitative, magazines which may indeed indulge in calculated prurience, then he compounds his error with a singular lack of academic interest or insight into just what it might be that makes *Playboy* so very much more successful than its sexier imitators. But his omissions are not at issue; his critique is.

DeMott suffers from plerophoric autism, that is, a subjective conviction that his fantasies represent reality. A minor but precise case in point leaps from the pages of his diatribe. *Playboy* has a sort of mascot we've given the name of Femlin—a miniature girl gremlin prone to playing innocent practical jokes, as do so many miniscule creatures of folklore. Drawings of this pixie playing one of her tricks decorate each issue's humor page. In our May issue she is shown observing a man shaving with an electric razor, then unplugging it, then laughing at the man's puzzled scrutiny of the razor when it ceases to function. Admittedly this is a simple-minded prank—especially by comparison with what DeMott's fantasies made out of it. According to his account in Commentary (Page 114, column 2) the drawings represent a girl unplugging an electric razor but generating enough libidinal current to keep it running by holding the plug in her hands, whereupon the man "touches the buzzing machine to her pleased nipple."

Quite apart from some mild curiosity concerning DeMott's rather original notions of what constitutes erotic pleasure for a female, one is reminded by his pathetically revealing fantasy of nothing so much as the tried joke about the man who makes prurient and lascivious comments on innocuous Thematic Apperception Test pictures, then says to the administering psychologist, "Hey, Doc—how about lending me those dirty pictures for a stag party?"

We have dwelt on this small episode because it has direct bearing on DeMott's major charges: that our editors "offer a vision of the whole man reduced to his private parts," that we present all women as "wild wild wild to be snatch," that we published a Françoise Sagan novel for the purpose of proving that she has "nothing else on her mind," et cetera, allegations which have as little validity as his interpretation of the Femlin's prank, or his characterization of her as being designed to create "the ferocious female Urge as supreme reality."

To back up his charges, DeMott gives his own interpretation of, among other things, a *Playboy* article and a *Playboy* panel discussion. Of the first, "The Love Cult," by Alfred Kazin, he says it was "admitted" to the magazine (he should know how hard we worked to get it!) because it criticizes "people who believe in the possibility of a perpetually loving connection between two human beings." Only those who have had the privilege of reading the article can realize to what degree this is either a willful misrepresentation, or—more likely—the result of a total inability to understand the simple yet elegant prose which Kazin writes. The truth is that this article inveighs tellingly against the *misuses* of love, ranging from its devaluation via commercialized abuse of the word itself, to the ideational disfunction of

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believing that "love" does, in fact, conquer all, as exemplified by popular fiction and TV drama.

As for the *Playboy* Panel in question, the subject was "The Womanization of America," discussed by a group including Ashley Montagu and Dr. Theodore Reik. According to DeMott, we "tolerated" it (anything that doesn't suit his thesis is explained away as somehow having found its way into our pages by accident or editorial inadvertence) because we had the last word; "a speech against marriage . . ." he calls it, and supports the charge with a quotation completely out of context. For contrast, here is a quote very much *in* context:

> As our nation becomes emancipated from the notion of associating sex with sin, rather than with romance, and as young people are increasingly freed of feeling guilty about a play period in their lives before settling down to marital maturity, so the attitudes of the sexes may well become more healthy toward each other, may acquire a mutuality and mutual appreciativeness which does not entail the obliteration of differences, but rather heightens their pleasures and allows individuals of each of the sexes a fuller and more natural development of psyche and spirit, mind and body.

Those were, in point of verifiable fact, our last words.

One reply to DeMott's attack is to state that he is guilty of exactly that of which he accuses us: preoccupation with sex, oversimplification, and distortion of reality.

This is the reality:

We feature girls because they're attractive, stories because they are entertaining, jokes because they are funny. Our vision is not that of man reduced to his private parts, but of man enlarged through his capacity to interpret and enjoy life, one aspect of which —but by no means the only one—is the healthy enjoyment of sex. We don't really see Evil as a woman's disinclination to sex, as he avers, any more than we interpret Good as non-stop copulation for all. To derogate *Playboy* with a discussion limited to sex is to ignore much of the substance of the magazine: articles and fiction of high merit which DeMott dismisses snidely as the result of the editors' "lust for respectability."

It seems pointless to multiply evidences of the DeMottic myopia, for we already have enough to draw a conclusion. Simply, it is that DeMott's psyche can't tolerate the thought that women enjoy sex and may even, on occasion, seek it.

In fact, the very idea sends him into a logorrheaic snit in which he interprets our recognition that females experience libidinal urges as our always and only presenting them in error or in oestrus (i.e., possessed of frenzied desire)—a view which equates *Playboy's* fun-loving Femlins with yoni, the mythical genital figure of female power. Ockham's Razor is applicable here: once one grasps this simplest of explanations for DeMott's fevered distortions, they all fall into place, and it seems almost cruel to criticize him. . . .

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I would say Mr. DeMott makes unnecessarily heavy weather of *Playboy*. One would almost think from his account that its readers read nothing else. Since most of them are students they do read other things; there is no need to suppose that *Playboy* represents a preoccupation. Granted that the implied philosophy of much of "that stuff" is jejune or absurd, one needs to ask if anyone believes this philosophy. Probably no one does.

Let me anticipate the possible retort that I am corrupted by *Playboy* gold. I did contribute one article. It was actually a heartwarming experience for a person of my class. I refer to the class of authors most of whose things are rejected by magazine editors—and whose accepted pieces are nibbled away at by the editorial rabbits. Although I received some insulting letters from persons who maintained that I had adapted my style to *Playboy*, I in fact sent them the substance of a lecture I had delivered to a group of professional writers; they agreed in advance of seeing it to change and alter nothing; they carried the whole transaction through in a smooth and gentlemanly fashion; changed nothing; and appended to their admittedly handsome check a promise not to claim reprint rights (as some of the magazine editors are now beginning to do).

ERIC BENTLEY
Columbia University
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Without bothering to remark on Professor DeMott's forbidding prose—is this the kind of stuff they're teaching the young kids to

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write at Amherst?—let me just say that his inclusion of *Nugget* in the opening sentence of his *Playboy* article is all wet. We do not have "a foldout naked babe" as our "widely publicized key feature" (known in the trade as a gatefold). We can't afford it and we think our girls are pretty enough even though they don't fold. For DeMott's and your readers' information, we also publish such writers as James Jones, Norman Mailer, James Baldwin, Nelson Algren, Kenneth Rexroth, Chandler Brossard, John Clellon Holmes, Colin Wilson, Wolf Mankowitz, Gregory Corso and on down the line. We are in touch with our time, our place, its tempo. What does the good prof want of a mass magazine? Granting the small amount of con all of us must use to stay in business (Macy's as well as *Playboy*), why must he write on such a bitterly puristic plane that he can't see the damn lively work that the men's mags are doing? Writers have to eat and have a responsive audience and we're giving the good ones more of both than they've had in years. We might even publish DeMott if he'd grin a little.

SEYMOUR KRIM
Editorial Director

Nugget
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Something must be rotten in the State of the Academy when we find a professor of English (Benjamin DeMott), hopelessly impaled on the horns of a linguistic dilemma, while a real estate man (Daniel M. Friedenberg) ["Can the Alliance for Progress Work?" August] tackles a subject equal in scope and complexity to the worthy professor's and, using the English language as his tool, proceeds to cut away the fat from the meat of his argument.

Professor DeMott sets himself a task . . .; bogs down on the job, and then blames his work difficulties on the inadequacy of his tools. The moral tongue, we are told, is a "dead language." An "intense linguistic inhibition" is a mark of the age we live in. The remaining critical instrument which looks any good at all—the "aesthetic vocabulary"—cuts only wind, and very little at that. To what avail the "mumbled" groan of a wounded, cultured soul, when the booming roar of vulgar approval resounds throughout the land? . . . But what is missing has very little to do with outmoded vocabularies. *Human* life does not come down to the "coupling of beasts." . . . What is missing is the instrumentality of courage, without which most other tools of culture and intellect are impotent.

The business man used courage in dissecting a sacred cow, while the professor of English . . . could not make much of a dent in an imitation bird of paradise.

MAURICE LORBER
Chicago, Illinois

MR. DEMOTT *writes:*

Messrs. Spectorsky and Krim are reasonable in tone, loyal to their product, but nevertheless hard to argue with. —We, the editors of the girlie books, are the new arbiters of style. We, the editors of the girlie books, are saving the world for good books. I, the Editorial Director of *Playboy,* know that a man who criticizes my magazine must be some kind of pervert. I, the Editorial Director of *Nugget,* know that anyone who criticizes my magazine hasn't a laugh in his hide. Who could penetrate this much self-congratulation? Say to Mr. Spectorsky, who claims to be for "the healthy enjoyment of sex," that his own phrases ("females experience libidinal urges") are as chilly as a VD clinic, and he will answer that he's "not quite certain what the hell" you're driving at. Tell him that many people read his sketches of "funloving Femlin" as I read them (I asked around, in the hope that I was wrong and could get out of writing the paragraph), and he'll send you an offprint on the fag underground. Tell either Editorial Director that this fall an academic newsletter—I don't have a connection with it—censuring the girlie books in far sterner terms than mine went out to hundreds of American university teachers, and both fellows will recite the tired cant of the Kitsch-Pro about dumb professors. Tell them that their support of "good writers" is only an agent of literary hypocrisy—one among many forces now destroying trust in writers good and bad—and they will answer with winks and nods and "small amounts of con." (The problems of literary trust aren't, after all, as simple as they're made out to appear in Mr. Krim's defense of the girlie books as Patrons. More than one writer supported by mass magazines also turns a dollar from week to week by abusing mass magazines and explaining "our" moral confusion to us; in thus divvying up honor as well as the pot, these writers markedly reduce their effectiveness as Sages.) The fortunate fact remains, of course, that the truth about the girlie books is as available to COMMENTARY readers as the nearest newsstand. But I have to say that the bouquet of Mr. Spectorsky's

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innuendo in his closing paragraphs does seem to me to obviate the need for fresh research.

Mr. Bentley doesn't claim that I misrepresent the "*Playboy* philosophy"; his point is that nobody believes the philosophy. I tried to treat the philosophy in question as the top of an iceberg, and to suggest that the girlie books might be traced to the widespread acceptance of some ideas about the relation between modern thought and the past. A hundred years ago J. S. Mill was convinced that the ideas mentioned—no need to spell them out again here—were becoming voguish among the elite; I doubt that Mr. Bentley would deny that they are common elsewhere now; and my case was that this in itself indicates that the foundations of disbelief in the "*Playboy* philosophy" are growing weaker.

The last correspondent contends that without the "instrumentality of courage" most tools of culture are impotent; my answer is that to accept old moral languages and definitions now requires an instrumentality not just of courage but of mindlessness. It's never easy to recommend the latter. Mr. Lorber does me the courtesy, however, of responding with an argument rather than with a diagnosis, and under the circumstances I especially appreciate his decency.

American Radicalism

To the Editor of Commentary:

In his review of *The Reconstruction of American History* [Sept. '62], Staughton Lynd develops the important point that much postwar American "consensus" revisionist historiography is far from being a denial of the economic interpretation of history. Actually it is an extension of it. . . . According to Lynd the revisionists have scorned sentimentality but not economic and social forces. Lynd's analysis is fine up to a point but it must be extended if we are to understand the antipathy to the "consensus" historians among many radical historians. Why the desire on the part of the latter to retain "sentimental" visions of Jackson, Bryan, and Wilson as true radicals? . . . "Consensus revisionism," by placing all protest movements within the context of American liberal-capitalist ideology, tends to deny the modern radical roots within the American political past. It forces [the radical historian] to find his real antecedents in the American socialist movement. In the midst of cold war pressures, radical historians are forced by "consensus" historians to choose between an all-pervasive liberal oneness or a more explicit avowal of some form of Marxism. . . .

For it must be seen that much "consensus" history by such men as Louis Hartz, Richard Hofstadter, and Max Lerner is really a form of "reverse Marxism." These historians place movements like Populism within the liberal-capitalist framework, but this is only to claim what any Marxist historian, such as William A. Williams, would gladly second. The difference is that for the latter such an insight leads to a call for a stronger radicalism, whereas for the "consensus" historian the insight itself is sufficient in that it demonstrates the undeniable truth, which is the liberal-capitalist domination of American politics.

But what of the historian who does not wish either to join in the great celebration of the vital center or to move to a more avowedly Marxist position? In this situation he may choose the middle road of assaulting the "consensus revisionists" for robbing him of his visions of Bryan, Jackson, and Wilson. He strives mightily to prove they were "true" radicals. But the real bitterness, it would seem, arises from an inner conflict in the radical historian himself. . . . In attacking revisionism and seeking to resurrect liberal heroes of the past he fights his own Marxist conscience, which in the reverse form of "consensus" revisionism reminds him of what he would rather forget. It reminds him that the lot of the real left in American has always been lonely.

N. Gordon Levin, Jr.
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Mr. Lynd *writes:*

Mr. Levin's comment seems to me perceptive and sound. It raises the question, Who were the *real* radicals in American history?

I suggest that the search for an American radical tradition should begin with the Abolitionists. Only the Abolitionists punctured, with the contempt it deserves, the white liberal hyprocrisy that America is and has always been a democratic country, without a feudal past (we only had slavery) and with supremely wise and humane founding fathers (who were also slave-holders).

The Abolitionists have been denigrated by all schools of recent historians: by Beard, who said they provided an ideological cloak for Northern capitalism; by the revisionists, who regard them as unrealistic fanatics; and by William Appleman Williams, who considers them individualistic egoists. Yet they

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defended free speech. They opposed imperialism. They continued the tradition of the Declaration of Independence by conceiving universal human rights to be more basic than any written law, and, stressing the fugitive slave clause and the three-fifths compromise, presented a critique of the United States Constitution far more devastating than Beard's.

Moreover, the Abolitionists (viewed as a group) practiced what they preached. Their representative theorist—my candidate for our most seminal radical thinker—was Henry Thoreau, a man whose critique of slavery extended to a critique of capitalism, whose opposition to domestic oppression broadened into opposition to imperialist war, and who (like Marx) always regarded courageous practical action as more important that any theory.

Praise

To the Editor of Commentary:

I feel impelled to write you that I think Daniel M. Friedenberg's article ["Can the Alliance for Progress Work?" Aug. '62] the clearest statement of our place in Central and South America that I have ever read.

Your magazine, indeed, deserves commendation altogether.

Herbert F. West

Dartmouth College
Hanover, New Hampshire

Sources of Nazism

To the Editor of Commentary:

George L. Mosse's review ["The Splendid Failure," Aug. '62] of Walter Laqueur's work on *Young Germany 1900–1960* . . . seems to unduly generalize responsibility of the German youth movement for Nazism. There were, indeed, intrinsic connections. . . . When your reviewer subsequently speaks of inherent susceptibility of the German youth movement to Nazism I should agree with him. But that is not the same as the cause and effect relationship initially postulated by him. Also, as Mr. Mosse himself relates, the movement was a multitude of unrelated, often contradictory, groups, activities, and ideologies. . . .

Anti-Semitic tendencies were as frequent, or infrequent, as the local climate would permit. Nor would I want to burden German teachers as a class, as Mr. Mosse does, with "reactionary" tendencies. . . . This modus operandi smacks of nothing short of McCarthyism. Of course, German teachers believed, unquestionably, in God, King, and Fatherland. But they may be termed reactionary on that account only if we concede religiousness to people simply because they send their children to Sunday school and attend (in their finery) Easter (or, for that matter, high holiday) services. All this is all too often a matter of convention rather than conviction. While perfectly willing to concede the road from Hegel to Hitler (and Heidegger), we still have to reckon with Hesse and Hauptmann (and Rilke and so many others). The answer isn't as simple as Mr. Mosse suggests. Moreover, don't we exaggerate our importance if we focus on anti-Semitic attitudes and actions as such, however brutal they may have been? Isn't such action, and such attitude, significant at least for purpose of analysis and evaluation, solely as evidence of a general constitution, moral, intellectual or whatever it may be? If so, it is the latter with which we have to be concerned, even though our action or reaction may rightly and forcefully address itself to the manifestation.

Gerhard Mayer

Highland Park, Illinois

Mr. Mosse *writes:*

Nowhere in the review do I postulate a direct cause and effect relationship between the Youth Movement and National Socialism. What I do say is that the Movement's responsibility for the "German catastrophe" cannot be minimized; then I proceed to point out the intrinsic connections which Mr. Mayer admits existed. The multitude of groups which did exist is beside the point, for all of them shared a basic world view which made their members susceptible to totalitarian ideologies, whatever else they may have quarreled about among themselves.

The charge of McCarthyism seems to be based upon a false distinction: whether teachers held conservative views by convention or conviction. The point is that most of them did hold such ideas for whatever reason. For example, because of their belief in King, God, and Fatherland, teachers formed the majority of members of the super-patriotic All German association; and Germany's current Jewish periodicals are almost obsessively concerned with the question of why teachers and schools were in the forefront of the anti-Semites. The outlook of most teachers was "reactionary," for it opposed modernity and praised the romantic and feudal ideal of the *Volk*. There existed non-nationalist teachers, of course, but they were a

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minority and are not to be found among the majority leadership of the non-leftist Youth Movement.

Anti-Semitism is indeed evidence for a general attitude toward life, for it is always combined with other conservative and irrational ideas. I not only deplore it personally but also as a symptom of a world view with which it has always been associated. It is as simple as all that, and no argument based on "complexity" must be used as an excuse for the part which anti-Semitism, the teaching profession, and even the Youth Movement played in the fatal course of modern German history.

Analyzing Fagin

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The introduction of the psychoanalytic approach into literary discussion is generally pettifogging and corrosive. Steven Marcus's article ["Who Is Fagin?" July '62] is a happy, brilliant exception.

I should, however, like to offer one minor criticism—which, I believe, strengthens Mr. Marcus's thesis: In his closing paragraph he writes: ". . . the part of Fagin which is Jewish turns out to be not merely minor but almost fortuitous, or . . . curiously unpremeditated. . . ." In the light of Mr. Marcus's own sensitive perceptions, I think that Fagin's Jewishness is not minor—and, though certainly unpremeditated, is not *curious*. As any psychoanalyst can testify, the Jew is a symbol of sexual freedom ("evil") for the Gentile (just as the Gentile is a symbol of sex-and-evil for the Jew).

It is quite of a piece therefore that Fagin should have in his character Oliver's (Dickens's) sexuality as well as his other lusty but socially reprehensible qualities. Especially since, as Mr. Marcus shows so clearly, Fagin is not only the suppressed Dickens but Dickens's Oedipean father.

ARTHUR STEIG

Lakewood, New Jersey

The School Prayer Decision

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Cheers for Leonard W. Levy's straightening the record on the thoughts of the founding fathers with regard to church and state ["School Prayers and The Founding Fathers," September 1962] . . .

If anyone . . . still wishes to question the meaning or motives of Jefferson and Madison, we may still rest on the utterly sensible . . . words of George Washington who was generous and sympathetic to all religions. . . . But when a Presbyterian group complained to him of the absence of God and Jesus Christ from the Constitution, he replied that "the path of true piety is so plain as to require but little political direction. . . . To the guidance of the Ministers of the Gospel, this important object is, perhaps, more properly committed."

One notes that Catholic and Jewish citizens of the time had particular cause to rejoice at this policy of friendly separation; and they did. For there were pressures to write religious tests for political participation into our fundamental law which were exerted by Protestants who were afraid that, at some future date, Roman Catholics, Jews, and infidels might seize the government. . . .

STANLEY DITZION

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Even a religious agnostic must find occasion to agree with his religious friends. Thus I cannot, as a student of the Constitution, agree with the interpretation placed on the United States Constitution by the Supreme Court in its rendered judgment that a nondenominational prayer recited in the public schools is in violation of the First Amendment to the Constitution. Such a prayer does not, I believe, result in an establishment of religion. . . . Indeed, there was no predilection shown for one religious sect in the composition of the prayer.

Despite this, however, a more solid case could have been made for eliminating the prayer if the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment was the basic rationale. The very antithesis of equal protection is discrimination. Minority right is inviolate. Notwithstanding the fact that there was an absence of compulsion or coercion in the recitation of the prayer . . . the non-observing individual would feel the harmful effects of stigmatization. Such treatment would be inherently unequal. . . .

ELLIOTT A. COHEN

New York City

Bar Hiyya

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his review of my book *Judaism as a Philosophy* [Aug. '62], Jerome Eckstein attempted to present a critical appraisal by inflating a relatively minor notion of medieval Jewish philosophy into a major doctrinal affirmation with which he then takes issue. . . .

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. . . Every major medieval Jewish philosopher gave credence to the belief current among the Jews in Alexandria that the Jews were the original cultivators of philosophy and that the Bible was a classical source of fundamental philosophical insights. Bar Hiyya's assertion "that [the philosophers'] conceptual thoughts are taken from the words of the Torah and are drawn from our fountain of wisdom" was repeated by Judah Halevi, Abraham Ibn Daud, and Maimonides. The discussion in the Talmud revolving around *ma caseh bereshith* was regarded by David Neumark as representing the original thought modes of the Hebraic world scheme. . . .

My major concern, however, with the reviewer is his complete omission of the central thesis of the book. . . . Through a critical analysis of the works of Bar Hiyya, a comparative study of the manuscripts available, and a historical investigation into the intellectual climate of the times, *Judaism as a Philosophy* projects two basic ideas: . . . One is that Bar Hiyya's Aristotelian notions are crucial to the exposition of a philosophy of personalism. Such a philosophy maintains, among other things, that the absolute is not a gift conferred upon men initially by grace or faith or intuitive apprehension. In a dynamic world scheme combining causality with commanding purpose, the absolute is projected as the ideal and is hammered out in the crucible of existential experiences and spiritual commitments. As a metaphysic of self-realization, personalism puts the mark of emphasis on ultimate "rational wholeness" born of man's infinite capacity to attain intellectual excellence and human perfection. In this context the absolute is not a theory but an activity. "Being" is a verb as well as a noun.

Tied up with this ideological construct there is a novel approach to the *tacame hamitzvot* based on the notion of *Kabb'lat ha-Torah* and *Yihud ha-Shem*. The reviewer either deliberately miscontrues Bar Hiyya's interpretation of these terms or he has failed to read my chapters on the subject. . . .

LEON D. STITSKIN

Yeshiva University
New York City

MR. ECKSTEIN *writes:*

The indefensibility of Mr. Stitskin's position is exhibited in his letter by the avoidance of *any* attempt (with one exception) to answer the several objections which I raised in my review. . . .

Now, I mentioned that Mr. Stitskin supports his view by references to the medieval Jewish philosophers and ancient Alexandrian Jews; but my point was that while I can sympathize with their provincialism, I cannot approve of this unhistorical stand in Mr. Stitskin. No major modern history of world philosophy begins its account with the Jews or the Bible, or claims that the Greeks borrowed their philosophies from them. Moreover, not only does the reference to Maimonides in his letter and book fail to support Mr. Stitskin's position, but it contradicts it. For Maimonides writes there that although some metaphysics was "once cultivated by our forefathers" it was never "permitted to be written down." It was communicated orally to only a few able Jews, and hence it became completely lost. "Nothing but a few [metaphysical] remarks and allusions are to be found in the Talmud and the Midrashim," says Maimonides, thus suggesting clearly that philosophic insights could not possibly be "taken from the *words* of the Torah." . . . Maimonides even writes that "in the few [philosophic] works composed by the Geonim and the Karaites . . . they followed the lead of the Mohammedan Mutakallemim, and what they wrote is insignificant in comparison with the kindred works of the Mohammedans."

Surely, Mr. Stitskin is inconsistent in his criticism that my review contains *both* a "complete omission of the central thesis" and a "misconstruction" of some of its basic concepts. . . . Moreover, I could not have misconstrued the notions of *Yihud ha-Shem* and *Kabb'lat ha-Torah,* because I gave *exactly* the same definitions of them which he did.

With regard to the area I omitted, I could have noted Mr. Stitskin's unscholarly avoidance of any reference to G. Vajda; for Vajda is one of the most respected authorities on Bar Hiyya, and he argues, contrary to Mr. Stitskin, that Bar Hiyya was a neo-Platonist. . . .

Reik's Jokes

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

May I suggest three kisses for Marion Magid for her lovely review of *Jewish Wit,* ["Jewish Wit Psychoanalyzed," Sept. '62] as well as a muzzle (or two—one *milchig,* one *fleishig*) for Dr. Reik. I recently tried very hard to read the treatise in question, first, in what I am now pleased to know is the "usual procedure," scanning the jokes (most of which I *did* know), then trying the commentary (unreadable). It was a

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hot, horrible night which had just been spent in the 42nd Street Library, and I needed refreshment badly. I said to the bookstore owner: "For $2.45 I shouldn't know all the jokes." He shrugged (I had been standing there reading for fifteen minutes) and said: "That's cheap for an original. It's not like it was a reprint." "Thank God," I said to myself. Now thank Magid!

FLORENCE VICTOR

New York City

Social Criticism

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Edgar Z. Friedenberg, in an incredibly muddy article ["Neo-Freudianism and Erich Fromm," Oct. '62] . . . states: "Since the world is even now rational enough that people have a great deal of anything which is difficult to get and hold on to usually must want it badly . . . then the power elites of most societies are quite probably even sicker than the people they dominate; since power over others and enormous wealth are not greatly coveted by healthy people". . . .

This is a most interesting and important statement if it is true. But what are the premises?

One of them seems to be the following: if someone pursues a goal which is very difficult to obtain and sustain, then that person must desire the goal very much. This premise, though it has the virtue of being true, has the vice of being a tautology. The second premise is: if a person is not mentally ill, then he will not desire wealth and political authority. This statement is either true by definition (a healthy person being defined as one who does not desire wealth and authority) or an empirical hypothesis which seems obviously false or a disguised value judgment ("People who pursue wealth and authority are bad"). . . . As a value judgment it contradicts one of Mr. Friedenberg's other points. For he complains that we do seem to be shiftier than people used to be; less able or less inclined to assume responsibility". But isn't the pursuit of responsibility one form of the pursuit of power and authority? To accept responsibility for something means first to do that thing, second to acknowledge that one has the right and authority to do it, and third to acknowledge the justice of being penalized if one does it badly.

The whole article is a symptom of what happens when one tries to analyze political problems in terms of psychoanalysis. One tends to make extravagant claims about "sick" societies or "sick" classes, claims which are presented with scientific authority but which are really value judgments reflecting, in a disguised manner, one's political preferences. . . .

CHARLES LANDESMAN

Lawrence, Kansas

Literary Criticism

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The novel may be in poor shape these days, as Alfred Chester indicates in his ramble around Vladimir Nabokov's *Pale Fire* [Nov. '62], but evidently it isn't in nearly as dire straits as novel readers and novel reviewers.

Mr. Chester paces aimlessly around the book for some time before emerging with a stance—the indignant liberal. He tells us that no "truth" has been uttered and that a social injustice comparable to race prejudice has been committed. A pederast academician who has bad breath has been ridiculed!

Before any Kinbote protective societies are formed, COMMENTARY readers should be informed that one of the truths Mr. Chester cries for and misses is that Nabokov's relationship to his paranoiac, pederastic academician hero is infinitely more complex and affectionate than an indignant liberal would readily perceive. . . .

I can just hear the wicked Mr. Nabokov's "sickly laughter" at the spectacle of a witless reviewer making those private revelations in a supposed review of a witty book narrated by a literary commentator who reveals his hallucinations in a supposed commentary on a poem he refused to really read.

ELENORE HOCHSTEIN

New York City

Correction

In a footnote to Norman Mailer's column "Responses and Reactions" (December 1962, p. 506), we mistakenly identified a quotation as "paraphrased." In fact, the quotation was not a paraphrase but an abridgement of the story "The Soul and the Evil Urge" included in the second volume of Buber's *Tales of the Hasidim.* —ED.

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HISTORY, MORALISM, DISTORTION

THE WARFARE STATE. By FRED J. COOK. With a FOREWORD by Bertrand Russell. *Macmillan. 376 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by DAVID T. BAZELON

THIS FELLOW really believes the cold war was begun, and still continues, because of a conspiracy of the American military-industrial complex: such is the entire impression the reader will take away with him from this devious potpourri of a book. One gets to page 244 before encountering the first favorable statement for the American side of things: that in January 1961, although by then it was too late, President Kennedy sincerely wanted a nuclear test ban. Generally speaking, Mr. Cook is "soft" on Kennedy. But he is downright "mushy" on the Soviet Union, and the dozen or so oblique references to the Russians' lack of perfection which he does include are patently buried-with-care for the sake of the record. The whole rhetorical sweep of the presentation is that *we* broke the wartime alliance, and subsequently *they* were willing to be reasonable, but *we* were not—all because of the aforementioned conspiracy. That simple.

Now, the actual why's and wherefore's of our accelerated reliance on the military posture are damning and decisive enough: concocting a silly black-and-white history of the cold war hardly seems necessary. As one proceeds into the book—even granting a measure of forbearance for an individual author's quota of overstatement, misstatement, and heated imagining, on so important a subject—one is finally taken by a sickening realization: the old Stalinist middle-brow style of thought has survived the whole postwar period unregenerate, and we are back again with that puerile hunger for hostile fairy tales. And one recalls, then, the reports of old-style Stalinist influence in the peace movement. Worst of all: the Stalinoid mentality seems to have learned nothing from the McCarthy period, and it appears ready now to seize upon the resurgence of the paranoid right only to reassert its own inimitable form of pro-Russian paranoia. Which suggests the quality of a possible political polarization in the future.

Mr. Cook is a popular journalist—an exposé specialist of the Drew Pearson school of heightened experience. He was with the *World-Telegram* for fifteen years until 1959, and since then has written award-winning features for *The Nation* (in which part of the present book appeared) on the FBI, gambling, and New York City. Viewed as a cultural fact, this book poses as its real issue the uses and propriety of popular writing in this country. Specifically: whether, why, and to what extent simplistic distortion is an inevitable part of the technique (as if all lessons were learned in the Hollywood school—and on the classical model of the wartime anti-Nazi films at that). In trying to dramatize issues for a dazed public, the dramatist is in danger of being overwhelmed by the cultural noise of the day: he may try to compete with Hollywood stereotypes, Lucism, and perhaps even television commercials. It's a mistake: a good story may be ruined in the process.

THERE IS indeed a very good story to be told about the growth of the military emphasis in our national life: Mr. Cook's own journalistic excesses are as nothing compared to the military excesses he is trying to describe—the latter could ruin the country. But a few random excerpts from the book will serve to show how an author's excesses can ruin the impact of whatever it is he has to say:

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(1) Historical insight: "Anyone who appreciated the deep distrust and suspicion with which pariah Russia for decades had viewed the capitalistic West, anyone who realized that Russia attributed her victory over Hitler largely to the secrecy she had maintained about her strength and military resources—a secrecy that had led the Nazi Fuehrer into fatal miscalculations—must have had doubts that Russia would ever voluntarily throw wide her doors to such an unlimited inspection system" [proposed by the Baruch plan].

(2) Swift characterization: Contracts let without competitive bidding "are conferred on a select few top companies at the whim of procurement officers. . . ."

(3) Style: "In the rabbit warren of the Pentagon, publicity branches and bureaus spread in octopus fashion."

(4) Dramatic insight: "The cold war began eleven days after Roosevelt's death when Truman called in Molotov and dressed him down, because of Poland, like a mule-driver."

(5) Legal summation: "This deliberately fomented public hysteria [following the Russian A-bomb] was to lead directly to some of the most controversial and most dubious prosecutions in American judicial history—the Hiss case, the Remington case, and the execution of the Rosenbergs for 'stealing the secret' of the atomic bomb." (Also referred to later as "the infinitely suspect Hiss and Remington cases. . . .")

(6) Unnamable: The $100 million of military-industrial expense-accounting "is the apex; this is the point of juncture, the end and the purpose, of more than $50 billion annually" in military expenditure.

(7) Ditto: "There is hardly an area in our lives today in which the military influence is anything less than supreme."

(8) Pure distortion: In this long review of military influence, there is no mention whatsoever that it was the military who brought McCarthy down.

UNDERNEATH this sweeping jumble lie buried some actual facts and some truth about our military emphasis. One is just about ready once again to slam down the book in disgust (and weep privately for both the nation and the liberals in it who seem never quite equal even to stating the issues properly), when a new fact or even an accurate perception obtrudes—and one reads on. But finishing, one asks in irritation: Why did he have to ruin the whole story by assuming conspiracy on the American side, and ignoring all threatening initiative by the Russians?

The underlying narrative states, and even fleshes out in a degree, the basic proposition on the military question: the 1937–38 recession, marking the end of the New Deal, was never properly resolved in political terms; it was transcended by a shift to war production. Thus the New Deal did not solve the structural problems of the economy which were the key to the Great Depression—the quasi-"solution" of these was linked of course to the accompanying expansion of military production. The big corporations were thereby benefited directly and indirectly: this is not arguable, nor is the absolute dependence of the whole economy on the achieved level of military expenditure in question. In effect, a truce was made between the forces of the New Deal and major corporate power in order to fight World War II. We have, for the past quarter-century now, translated most major issues of the political economy into terms of a temporary military solution, with the obvious effect that we have become deeply wedded to the military both domestically and in our foreign affairs. The chief disaster involved in this development is not the immense waste of military production, but that we are trapped in a much too narrow political resolution. It clearly has become inordinately difficult to dissolve the truce made in World War II and get on with the business of creating American history.

But this story simply cannot be told as if Russia had given us no cause for a military response—which is the way Mr. Cook tells it. It is, moreover, a terribly sentimental reading of the past—particularly for purposes of dealing with a nuclear present and future—to emphasize our historical "mistakes," even on the assumption that much of our action was determined by an anti-Soviet military-industrial complex: as if one were to try to understand the modern world by blaming "everything" on Anglo-French policy in the Spanish Civil War! Thus, even granting a great deal of Mr. Cook's side of the rational argument, it still fails to sup-

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port the miasma of his conspiracy view of things.

Mr. Cook is obviously correct when he says: "It is no accident that the forces in our society that are most eager for war (at least, a cold war) are the same forces that most abhor the Welfare State." Or when he states the depression-wartime conflict ironically: "Obviously a WPA for human beings was subversive of American ideals, but a Military WPA for industry represented the noblest form of free enterprise." And when he connects, like the competent workaday reporter he is, the fact that Georgia claims the chairmen of both the Senate and House Armed Services Committee and is likewise loaded with military installations, one may understand his indignation. He makes a pretty good case—he is not alone in this—concerning our lack of candor and seriousness in the disarmament negotiations. His summary of the shelter issue is one-sided, but certainly more right than wrong, and it is an effective bit of writing; similarly, his run-down on the radical right and its connection with the military.

WHEN all that is said, the book still cannot be recommended to serious people—it is too distorted. It would take at least another book to restore a reasonably accurate perspective. I suggested a few paragraphs back that the real point of a book like this today is the question raised about popular writing in this country. I mean, we would have to go back to the old Stalinist influence in Hollywood and other popular media; then note the deep connection between artistic-intellectual work that is less than adequate for its author, and his consequent need for a nice hostile ideology directed against *both* the employer and the audience; and finally bring that disheartening, crumby story up-to-date. All that would be a separate essay in social history. But I would like to suggest that the key is: (1) hatred of American experience; (2) guilt for that; and (3) moralism as the mell of confused minds. Moralism—especially when it can be buttressed by the hysteria of critical times, as today—is almost irresistible to the intellectual who must simplify for less educated audiences, and who at the same time must satisfy his own personal need for order in the world. Especially an order that accounts for his hostility toward the audience for which he simplifies. In other words, if I distort for them, why not also a little for me? The old Stalinism of the intellectuals was a popular morality of this kind. But it had deep American roots in the even older conspiracy-notions of uneducated or recently educated farmers. Heat it to the boiling point, and moralism will always uncover a conspiracy "out there."

PLURALISM & BROTHERHOOD

THE GHETTO GAME: RACIAL CONFLICTS IN THE CITY. By DENNIS CLARK. *Sheed & Ward. 245 pp. $4.00.*

A TALE OF TEN CITIES: THE TRIPLE GHETTO IN AMERICAN RELIGIOUS LIFE. Edited by EUGENE J. LIPMAN and ALBERT VORSPAN. *Union of American Hebrew Congregations. 344 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by STAUGHTON LYND

WHAT CAUSES prejudices? So long as inquiry is restricted to a particular form of prejudice, the answer will be a specific kind of answer. But if one examines together, say, race prejudice and religious prejudice, it becomes necessary to think of a diffuse susceptibility to prejudice (quite apart from the objects of prejudice) which can characterize a society as a whole. In a society where people are, in general, alienated from each other and thus ignorant of each other, prejudice can perhaps be predicted as a characteristic quality of thought and feeling. Such a society would also tend to a querulous self-righteousness in its foreign relations with peoples of other creeds and colors.

In *The Ghetto Game,* Dennis Clark joins James Conant and Michael Harrington to warn that all is far from well in "the other America." His book, like theirs, calls into question the widespread liberal assumption that the problem of race has somehow been solved in essence, and that only a task of mopping up remains. These authors may differ, as historians differ about the French Revolution, as to whether subjective discontent increases precisely because objective improvements stir new hopes, or whether, in fact, the Negro's opportunity to secure

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good housing and a living wage is actually growing less. Mr. Clark presents evidence in support of each of these views. But whether one clothes despair with the concept of rising expectations or with the theory of increasing misery, it is there to be felt by any traveler in Harlem.

Mr. Clark, Executive Secretary of the New York Catholic Interracial Council and former Housing Specialist for the Philadelphia Housing Authority, discusses segregated housing. Like Harrington, however, he is fully aware that residential segregation is only the ground plan for the complexly dovetailed structure of urban prejudice, that (to instance the most familiar example) where you live determines where you go to school. He makes it plain, also, that the practical ability to choose alternative residences presupposes an income level which most American Negroes do not enjoy: an insight memorably compressed by Harrington in the aphorism that the American Negro is not poor because he is black, but black because he is poor.

The value of this clear and comprehensive recital of our housing woes lies above all in its insistence that, in such matters as housing, the American dilemma has become fully as much Northern as Southern. "The concentration of people of color in the 'black belts' or urban centers has made a full-scale national phenomenon of a system of racial attitudes and restrictions which was formerly a regional condition peculiar to the South. Segregated housing has brought segregation as a social institution into full play in the technical and industrial centers of the nation's strength." Thus, if in 1960 the Negro community of Atlanta, New Orleans, and Birmingham was between 30 and 40 per cent of the total population of these cities, Negroes made up 54.8 per cent of the city of Washington, 35 per cent of Baltimore, 34.4 per cent of Newark, and between 20 and 30 per cent of Chicago, Philadelphia, and Detroit. In each of the latter cities, the percentage of Negro residents increased by at least half between 1950 and 1960. The resulting *increase* in Northern segregation, in Mr. Clark's judgment, has counterbalanced the more dramatic, but very partial, *decrease* of segregation in the South.

The great postwar housing boom wrongly concentrated on suburban rather than inner-city development. What has it meant for the Negro? In 1961 the American Population Association was told, Clark reports, that the suburbs of twelve major cities studied had remained 93 per cent white over a thirty-year period, and that in five of the twelve cities studied the ratio of non-whites to the white suburban population actually declined. The utterly inadequate and middle-income oriented urban renewal programs of the 1950's too often resulted in slum-shifting and Negro-clearance: "the portions of the Negro urban population most in need of improvement have been passed over." The failure of state laws against discrimination in housing is suggested by the estimate of a New York City realtor that, if the present rate of satisfying complaints under the New York law continues, it will take about 16,500 years to integrate the city's 1,800,000 apartment units.

BEFORE CONSIDERING Mr. Clark's suggestions as to a way forward toward "cities of freedom," it will be helpful to consider a somewhat analogous problem at a different stage of solution. *A Tale of Ten Cities,* by Eugene Lipman and Albert Vorspan, is also a story of ghettos: not the black-and-white ghettos of race, but the "triple ghetto" of Catholic, Protestant, and Jew. The material in this book is of particular interest because, as the authors point out, race relations have been more often and more thoroughly studied than have the inter-relations of religious groups. Its picture of faith-mixing, and the absence thereof, can help us to visualize future alternatives in race relations when (and if) the legal walls of racial segregation come tumbling down. Together, *A Tale of Ten Cities* and *The Ghetto Game* pose disturbing questions as to what kind of society (setting aside the clichés of Cold Warriors and Marxists alike) America is becoming.

For the tale of religious ghettos is in some ways as troubling as the story of America's Harlems. "In a shrinking world of color and diversity," Lipman and Vorspan assert, "millions of Americans—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish—are living in homogenized white neighborhoods and sending their children to schools where everybody is in the same racial, economic, and—increasingly—religious grouping." Here, too, the picture

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is one of increasing, not decreasing, separation among fellow citizens. If America is ceasing to be a white man's country, it has long since ceased to be a Protestant white man's country. Catholics (about 40,000,000) and Jews (about 5,000,000) are together more than two-thirds as numerous as Protestants (a little over 60,000,000). America has moved into a "post-Protestant" phase of its religious history: diversity cannot be deported or converted, it must be lived with. Yet despite widespread if grudging acceptance of this fact, communication and understanding between the faiths has not significantly grown.

The evidence presented for this assertion is overwhelming. Recognizing the important difference between the presidential elections of 1928 and 1960, conceding that in America "for the first time, perhaps, in history" a Jewish community has the security to turn its energies outward rather than concentrating on its own survival, Lipman and Vorspan warn that there was a "greater volume of hate material in circulation in 1960 than there was in 1928." Still more striking is the evidence for self-imposed isolation. In a land of Protestant Thanksgiving and Christian mid-winter observances, Catholic and Jew still feel themselves alien, still apprehend the peaceful coexistence of faiths as a "competitive co-existence." Contact does not necessarily produce communion, and the line between casual acquaintance on the one hand, and intimate friendship and intermarriage on the other, is still heavily drawn. Thus the authors (themselves both Jewish) relate:

> Among American Jews, for example, there appears a distinct tendency to seek "Jewish" neighborhoods, to find comfort among Jewish friends, and to belong principally to Jewish organizations. . . . [One study] found that 40 per cent of the Jews interviewed had not spent a social evening in the home of non-Jews in the preceding year. The Jewish attitude toward social contact with non-Jews is ambivalent. Jewish parents are eager for their pre-teen age children to be in *mixed* groups (Boy and Girl Scouts, school clubs, neighborhood friends), but when their children reach high school age, the parents strongly prefer a minimum of contact with non-Jewish children outside the classroom. In one study, 75 per-cent of the parents of even the pre-teen children indicate they would not want their children to have Christian friends of the *opposite sex.*

As in the area of race, the dominant Protestant white community must bear the heaviest responsibility for continuing isolation. But the ugly fact remains: "The faith groups still see one another across barriers of mutual isolation and distrust." Hence stereotypes continue to flourish. Non-Catholic Americans, Protestant and Jewish, habitually fail to distinguish between the Brooklyn *Tablet* and *The Commonweal,* or between the two Senator McCarthys from Wisconsin.

One result of the triple ghetto in American religious life is the attenuation of all religious faith. In the absence of genuine interfaith cooperation, in an atmosphere of "You worship God in your way, and I will worship Him in His," religion can contribute little to the common life. There comes about what Lipman and Vorspan call a "bland faith in faith," an "aloofness of too many religious institutions from the great social and political challenges of our time." Catholic, Protestant, and Jew alike bemoan this condition. The authors quote Abraham Joshua Heschel as saying: "The trouble is that religion has become 'religion.'. . . Religion is regarded as one of the amenities of Western civilization." They quote the *Christian Century* as stating: "God, says the unwritten glossary of American politics, is a word in the last paragraph of a political speech." And they say themselves: "There is a strong tendency to make religion irrelevant and to prefer it that way."

WHAT IS TO be done about our isolation from each other? The easiest answer, whether in race or religion, is to accept the doctrine of separate but equal, and call it "pluralism." Clark puts into words what this would mean in urban housing: "If we find ourselves unable to desegregate the urban areas to any appreciable degree, we must arrive at some civilized rationale within the pluralist framework for balancing the racial worlds which remain." But he would deplore such a meager solution. "If, on the other hand," Clark continues, "we can bring about desegregation on a scale

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which produces genuine broad areas of interracial living, we shall have elevated our society in a vivid and liberating way." Similarly Lipman and Vorspan call for an interreligious turning to the ethical needs of our day, which would draw "men of differing faiths together to work jointly to bring God's Kingdom just a bit nearer in some area of His world."

What both books seem to be saying is that Americans must ask themselves whether they really want to live together as brothers. Brotherhood would have consequences. It would mean intermarriage between races, and intermarriage between faiths. It would not require the abandonment of cherished cultural and religious traditions, but it might demand viewing these traditions in a new way: as variant expressions of an underlying common truth, discovered together through shared experience. It would entail a willingness to look again at the fundamental institutions of the laissez-faire metropolis, the social setting in which, by 1975, two-thirds of the American people will be living. Perhaps only the joint adventure of reshaping the culture of our cities can provide sufficient challenge to break down the ghetto walls. There, if anyone is still looking for frontiers, is a frontier indeed.

A SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC WITNESS

THE SOVIET REVOLUTION, 1917–1939. By RAPHAEL R. ABRAMOVICH. With an Introduction by Sidney Hook. *International Universities Press. 473 pp. $7.50.*

Reviewed by ROBERT V. DANIELS

RAPHAEL ABRAMOVICH is the last great representative of the forgotten alternative to the Bolsheviks in the Russian Revolution: the true Marxists, democratic Socialists, of the Menshevik party. In 1917 Abramovich was a noteworthy figure in his own right, a leader of the Bund—the organization of Social Democratic Jewish Marxists in Russia who, opposing both religion and Zionism, worked within the socialist movement for autonomous nationality for the Jews.

Abramovich, born in Dvinsk (Latvia) in 1880, joined the Bund when he was twenty and still a student. Three years later, the Bund affiliated with the Russian Social Democratic party (1903) and during the ensuing factional struggles, it stood with the Menshevik (i.e., democratic) wing against Lenin and the Bolsheviks. In 1917, however, the Mensheviks together with the Bund underwent their own split: their right wings backed the Provisional Government, while their left wings, the "Internationalists," went part way with the Bolsheviks in calling for an end to World War I. Abramovich was the leader of the Internationalist faction of the Bund; as such, he played an important oppositionist role in the Second Congress of Soviets, which debated and ratified the Bolshevik seizure of power.

In 1918, as the Bolshevik dictatorship clamped down, Abramovich was arrested and sentenced to death. But there were Bolshevik leaders in those days who would and could move for clemency, and Abramovich was reprieved and allowed to go to Germany in 1920. There he founded the Russian-language *Socialist Courier* and took a prominent part in international Socialist affairs. In 1931 he was elected chairman of the World Socialist Congress in Vienna. Hitler's progress finally forced him to flee, with the *Socialist Courier*, to France in 1933 and then to the United States in 1940. In New York, where he now resides, he is still co-editor of the bi-weekly *Courier*, which remains the outstanding Russian-language journal of its kind.

Abramovich offers *The Soviet Revolution* as a summing-up of his many years of study and analysis of Soviet affairs. He writes that he had hoped to prepare a second volume on the events from 1939 on, but the present volume nevertheless covers fully the formative period of Leninism and Stalinism, with emphasis on the decisive events of the years of revolution and civil war from 1917 to 1921. Top level politics, foreign policy, and the Communist use of theory come in for pointed treatment. Economic developments are dealt with more sketchily, and the reader will find little on social policies, education, religion, or the like. The nationality problem has been deliberately avoided.

Abramovich's primary concern is to set forth the character of the Communist leaders, their aims and tactics, their impact on Russia, and their relation (or lack of it) to the Socialist tradition. Lenin, he maintains,

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was less than half a Marxist, and more a Jacobin utopian in the tradition of Bakunin: He writes:

> Lenin and Trotsky were quite incapable of Marxist reasoning when success had turned their heads. Intoxicated with their unexpectedly quick victory, they were confident—against all the teachings of Marxism and history—that their iron will and the dawning world revolution would make the impossible come true. They did not ask themselves what it would cost Russia's workers and peasants in blood and suffering. . . .

Abramovich is agreed with most non-Communist historians that World War I was a tragic interruption in Russia's evolution toward democracy. He stands with a smaller group, but on firm ground, in arguing that it was the failure of Kerensky and the other moderates of the Provisional Government to get Russia out of the war in 1917 that alienated the masses and gave the Bolsheviks their chance to strike for power. This is in fact the position taken by the Menshevik-Internationalists at the time, a position recently defended with convincing passion in the memoir of the late W. S. Woytinsky, *Stormy Passage* (1961). Recalling the Austrian effort to stop the war in 1917, Abramovich contends that the British and French, in their obsession to continue the war and keep Russia in it, actually betrayed the Russian moderates.

Internally the ground was being cut out from under the Provisional Government by right-wing military leaders, above all by the Chief of Staff, General Kornilov, with his clumsy attempt to overthrow Kerensky by force. Failing in this direct action, the right apparently reasoned that they could let the Bolsheviks—the extreme left—overthrow Kerensky and thus pave the way for a subsequent rightist coup. As Kerensky himself realized too late, his rightist military advisers betrayed him with their pose of complacency until the Bolsheviks were almost ready to move. This was the first in the series of collaborative relations between the Communists and the far right on which Abramovich dwells—including notably the Soviet collaboration with the German military in the 1920's, the German Communists' support of the Nazi attack on the Weimar Republic, and Stalin's pact with Hitler in 1939. We might add the collaboration of Communists and right-wing dictators like Batista in Latin America.

It is salutary to be reminded that the Bolsheviks came to power with little more unity and resolution than their opponents. They won by default, with the majority of the workers standing passively by. Many in the Bolsheviks' own ranks rebelled at the prospect of a party dictatorship. Following the coup, right Bolsheviks joined with left Socialist Revolutionaries and left Mensheviks like Abramovich in an attempt to negotiate a multi-party coalition government. The effort collapsed in the face of the combined opposition of the right Socialists on the one hand, and Lenin and Trotsky on the other. Asserts Abramovich:

> The real leaders of the Bolshevik Party were not concerned with shortening or preventing the civil war; on the contrary, they saw in the civil war the best opportunity to consolidate their power and of winning in the end. . . .

Abramovich describes how the Bolsheviks went on to curb every form of opposition and every channel of free expression of the working class itself. He draws on the Menshevik press of the time to show that the Bolsheviks erected not a dictatorship of the proletariat but a dictatorship *over* the proletariat, and systematically smashed the efforts of the Mensheviks to maintain a democratic working class opposition movement in 1918.

For a key to the interpretation of the further course of Soviet history, Abramovich turns to the celebrated passage in Engels's *Peasant War in Germany* where Engels warns:

> The worst thing that can befall a leader of an extreme party is to be compelled to take over a government in an epoch when the movement is not yet ripe for the domination of the class which he represents. . . . He is compelled to represent not his party or his class but the class for whom the conditions are ripe for domination. In the interest of the movement itself he is compelled to defend the interests of an alien class and to feed his own class with phrases and promises. . . .

From this standpoint the Russian Revolution appears to have given birth to a new

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form of class rule, suitable to a country with a weak working class, where the new ruling class is, in the words of Abramovich,

> The Communist Party, i.e., a heterogeneous grouping, sociologically speaking, of members of the intelligentsia, petty bourgeoisie and peasantry with a very small admixture of the more educated workers . . . united not by any common social characteristics but solely by their ideology . . . an ideocratic dictatorship . . . a caste of Communist priests . . . not unlike the priesthood of ancient Egypt.

With this proposition Abramovich explains the whole history of Soviet Russia's descent into the staggering crimes of Stalinism (which are no mere statistics in this book, but illustrated in freshly horrifying detail). Communism became, to him, a pure totalitarianism akin to fascism, where "the yardsticks of success are technological progress, the power of the state, and the nation's military strength," and where "the masses must be ruled by force because they are unwilling to sacrifice themselves." "This philosophy," Abramovich adds, "flagrantly contradicts the philosophy of humanitarian socialism which inspired the entire socialist movement from Thomas More through Karl Marx."

FOR THE GENERAL reader, *The Soviet Revolution* serves as an admirable introduction to the understanding of the Communist movement. It is no less valuable to the specially interested student, in its exposition of the often neglected Social Democratic view of Soviet history, and its presentation of sidelights of important detail hitherto unknown or unavailable in English—details on the Soviet censorship of libraries, for instance, or the Menshevik Trial of 1931 when the Communists perfected the technique of false charges and conviction-by-confession.

There are only a few errors or points of dubious contention in the book which need to be pointed out. The Military Revolutionary Committee through which the Bolsheviks seized power did not yet exist when they decided on the coup on October 10, 1917 (old style); it was not fully activated until October 20. The reader should look elsewhere for a more complete picture of government moves and Bolshevik countermoves in the revolution itself. Stalin did not dominate the Organization Bureau in 1919—he was not a member until 1920—and it was the Trotskyist Nikolai Krestinsky who was the strong man in the Communist party organization from 1919 to 1921. It is hard to make such a clear-cut case as Abramovich does (largely basing himself on the testimony of the ex-GPU agent Walter Krivitsky) that Stalin worked steadily for an alliance with Hitler; and the argument is marred by a misdating of Hitler's "Blood Purge" (which was in 1934, not 1935). There were, surely, far greater reasons, personal and political, for the Great Purge of 1936–38 than the mere elimination of potential opposition to a pro-German shift in foreign policy—although it is well to bear in mind that Stalin proved fully capable of such a cynical switch.

These points are minor. Granting its limitations of scope and approach, *The Soviet Revolution* is a profound and exciting analysis of the Soviet phenomenon, illuminated by a point of view which serves better than most to lay bare the true nature of the Soviet system and its claims. Raphael Abramovich's valedictory will stand as a fitting climax to a life of struggle in the cause of humanity.

EXPLORING THE JEWISH MIND

THE STORY OF JEWISH PHILOSOPHY. By JOSEPH L. BLAU. *Random House. 322 pp. $5.00.*

THE JEWISH MIND. By GERALD ABRAHAMS. *Beacon Press. 420 pp. $6.00.*

Reviewed by MARVIN FOX

IT IS ENCOURAGING that serious scholars, who do not specialize in Jewish studies, should turn their attention to Jewish thought. Mr. Blau is a distinguished American author and teacher in the field of philosophy, and Mr. Abrahams is a highly respected British barrister and legal scholar. Both men approach their exposition of Jewish modes of thinking and philosophizing affirmatively and respectfully. One finds in their books none of the sneering, petty closed-mindedness or supercilious intellec-

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tual arrogance which frequently characterize the comments of contemporary intellectuals when they deal with Jewish topics.

But in spite of their good intentions and appreciative responses, neither author has succeeded in his task of exploring Jewish thought. In part, at least, each is the victim of his own decision to write a popular book. The subject matter does not readily lend itself to popularization. The very term "popular philosophy" borders on the self-contradictory, since philosophy has never been and cannot be an activity of the "people."

In a little more than three hundred pages Mr. Blau undertakes to discuss the development of Jewish philosophy from the Bible to Mordecai Kaplan. He includes much material of questionable philosophic interest and value, while omitting a great deal that is important. There is, for example, a somewhat extended discussion of several Karaites, who are hardly in the main stream of Jewish thought, while he is entirely silent about so striking and original a figure as Rabbi Abraham Isaac Kook, and barely mentions Ahad Ha'am. Abraham Geiger and the "lesser lights of Reform Jewish philosophy" rate seven pages; but Hermann Cohen gets only two paragraphs and the Conservative movement is dismissed in less than a sentence.

The book begins with a cursory examination of some theological and moral ideas in the Bible. It contains brief conventional discussions of the idea of God and the good life in the Pentateuch and some of the Prophets. The interpretation is often arbitary, and sometimes self-contradictory. Thus, we are told that in Exodus and Deuteronomy the Jews were taught to obey God and his law "in thankfulness and love rather than in fear." But a bit later we learn that in contrast with Jeremiah's new covenant with God, which was based on love, "The Law, the covenant of the wilderness, consisted of obligations that the people were, in effect, forced to accept out of fear of God." This confusion is the more remarkable since there are equally familiar texts in the Pentateuch which command love and which command fear of God.

Ecclesiastes, Job, and Philo exemplify what Blau calls the Judeo-Greek temper. His exposition of rabbinic thought concentrates on a few scattered ideas, but he fails to understand the philosophical import of Halakhah, the greatest and most characteristic product of the intellectual effort of the rabbis. Discussion of the philosophic significance of the Halakhah is limited to a presentation of some rules of rabbinic logic and rhetoric, concluding with the questionable claim that Rabbi Ishmael's version of these rules is included in the daily prayers because of their great authority. With respect to the rabbinic ideas of God, Blau asserts that "there is no attempt in the vast body of rabbinic literature to prove that God exists," though earlier he cites a Midrash which has a version of the argument from design.

In his discussion of Gnosticism and Cabbala Blau generally follows Gershom Scholem, but presents such compressed statements that only a specialist could possibly make sense out of them.* When he turns to the major medieval Jewish philosophers he becomes more expansive. Saadia, ibn Gabirol, Bahya, Halevi, and especially Maimonides are treated in more extended and more responsible fashion. But even where Mr. Blau is on his surest ground, he omits basic topics. Typical is his failure to discuss Maimonides' ethics, his conception of man's freedom, or his treatment of the problem of evil.

IN *The Jewish Mind* Mr. Abrahams has not given us a book so much as an interesting mélange of comment and interpretation on various aspects of Jewish thought and experience. He explores the modes and backgrounds of Jewish identity, proceeds to an examination of the place of the Bible and Biblical exegesis in Jewish thought, and comments on the traditional Jewish detachment from nature and the aesthetic. He analyzes the methods and structure of Halakhah, remarks on the ways in which it was made

* For example, in his explanation of Bahya's treatment of the divine Unity, Blau writes, "There is a Unity which is essential, not accidental. This is of two types: numerical and concrete. Numerical Unity is the number one, which is essentially an instance of Unity, but Unity of a subjective or mental kind; it is a Unity which must be grasped in thought and cannot be experienced. It is true Unity, but differs from the second type of absolute Unity, the absolute unity of God which is concrete and existent." There are many such passages throughout the book.

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authoritative, and summarizes the theology of Jewish philosophers from the prophet Ezekiel to Moses Mendelssohn. He discusses the ethical standards of Judaism and Christianity, the relationship between Judaism and Socialism, the grounds of anti-Semitism, and Jewish self-hatred. He evaluates types of contemporary Jews, including the "professional" Jew (whom he dislikes intensely), and the literary Jew, from Glückel of Hamelin to Herman Wouk. Finally, he adds some notes on Jewish humor, and a strong statement in favor of Zionism and the State of Israel.

Throughout, Mr. Abrahams is not so much the detached scholar, analyzing, explicating, and expounding, as he is the committed knowledgeable Jew, who loves his people and its traditions. Jewish jokes amuse him; the peculiarities of Jewish exegesis titillate his intellect; Jewish achievements and Jewish ideals inspire him; and attacks against Jews (except his own) evoke a bristling defense or regretful apologetics. So many topics could not possibly have been dealt with thoroughly in any one work; nor does Abrahams claim that he has done so.

Yet, there is a sense in which this book mirrors the Jewish mind far more successfully than Blau's history of Jewish philosophy. Blau systematizes; Abrahams responds to impressions. Blau centers on the philosophers, and struggles to make philosophers of those who were far removed from philosophic concerns; Abrahams concentrates on the rich rabbinic tradition. He is unsystematic—perhaps deliberately, in order to reflect a typical Talmudic pattern. To all but the most skilled readers, the rabbis, too, seem to fly from topic to topic, almost in the manner of free-association. Along with this evocation of the rabbinic mode of thought, Abrahams manages in his discursive way to give his readers something of the flavor of characteristically traditional Jewish thinking. One senses in his book how the tradition approached the analysis of a sacred text, and how the great Halakhists developed a coherent and authoritative body of law. This is the Jewish mind at work with its own methods and in its own milieu. The ultimate source of Jewish philosophy is to be found with far more certainty in rabbinic texts than in works of metaphysics or theology. There can be no responsible approach to Jewish thought except through this gate, and even the most systematic Jewish philosophers, like Maimonides, cannot be grasped as *Jewish* unless we understand them in their relationship to the rabbinic tradition.

Blau, in conventional Western philosophic fashion, has missed this point, while Abrahams, for all the defects of his presentation, has caught it. Sometimes he goes too far, as when he asserts that Jewish philosophy from Saadia to Maimonides ". . . does not seem to belong to the continuum of Jewish tradition, and leaves little mark on the subsequent generations." Like most students of the major medieval Jewish philosophers, he has failed to see their close connection with the rabbinic tradition and their dependence on rabbinic sources that lie beneath the Greek surface of their thought. But Abrahams has seen the basic point, namely, that "the Jewish heritage is a tradition dominated by the Book, ironically an unmetaphysical book"; consequently, he is on sound ground when he asserts that, "the history of Jewish thought is largely, then, the history of exegesis." He is aware that we cannot get at Jewish thought or formulate a Jewish philosophy except by way of the Bible, the Talmud, the Midrashim, the Codes, the Responsa, and the Commentaries and associated literature—joined with the systematic work of the Jewish philosophers. The subject is an enormously complex one, requiring not only mastery of a vast literature, but also the discovery in that literature of new philosophic categories and modes of thought. Mr. Abrahams merits our gratitude for making us aware, in his oblique way, of how much we have yet to do in order to understand the Jewish mind in its own setting, rather than as a reflection of responses to hostile philosophical and theological challenges.

IT IS A pity that Mr. Abrahams' work is marred by infelicities of style, numerous inaccuracies, and other obstacles which will deter and irk many readers. He writes, at times, with a kind of maddening ornateness which only serves to obscure his thought. (He begins one chapter as follows: "To the poets of this latterday century, inhaling the culture that pervades the blossoms of leisure, and exhaling the sense of freedom which fills the nostrils of the emancipated,

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the Bible flowers call greeting from Canticles.") Though his book is explicitly addressed to a general as well as a Jewish audience, it has many undefined Hebrew and Yiddish expressions which will convey nothing to non-Jewish readers and, unhappily, will pass by most Jewish readers as well.

What is more, the book abounds in unclear and inconsistent forms of reference, especially to the rabbinic texts which are least known to Mr. Abrahams' readers, and, therefore, require the most careful identification. On the other hand, readers who possess even minimal Jewish learning will be irritated by the curiously inconsistent transliterations from Hebrew to English, and appalled by such mistakes as "Soteh" for "Sotah," "Mapach" for "Mapah," "Sagin Or" for "Sagi Nahor."

THE POPULARIZATION of the story of Jewish philosophy or of the contents of the Jewish mind may be, as we have suggested, an impossible undertaking. Considered, however, apart from their attempts to popularize, it is clear that Mr. Blau has served only to repeat in obscure fashion a story which has already been told far more successfully. The works in English of Husik, Scholem, and other writers are as intelligible as Blau's, while managing to be both more learned and more comprehensive. And the over-all effect of Mr. Blau's cursory and arbitrary presentation of Jewish thought is to keep his readers always on the outside looking in. Mr. Abrahams, on the other hand, though he spends much time fumbling for the keys, manages to open some doors through which one can pass into the inner chambers of the Jewish mind.

BURROUGHS IN WONDERLAND

NAKED LUNCH. By WILLIAM BURROUGHS. *Grove Press. 255 pp. $6.00.*

Reviewed by ALFRED CHESTER

LIVING, as I do, almost exclusively among bohemians and intellectuals who, like myself, possess hardly anything, not even one another, the only people I know really well who would rather be dead than red are my relatives in Brooklyn, and they possess a great deal, including each other. Often enough I feel I would rather be dead than anything at all, but when I'm less gloomy I would give up my loves, my typewriter, my apartment, all my ideas and my freedom (whatever that is) sooner than my life. The only thing I might not sooner give up is someone else's life—but then I'm not sure of this. I feel, in fact, like Nathan Hale's antichrist, for I could only regret that I had but one country to give for my life.

I am a ne'er-do-well, I suppose, a cynic, an immoralist, and therefore very contemporary. In a pinch, I would give up everything, because I value nothing, except my skin. And there is no glorious justification to call to my aid, not even Nature who could surely not value anything with which She is as prodigal as skin. If all the world's flesh were fried up tomorrow with mushroom clouds, would She care? No. After the smoke cleared, after the bodies and the land stopped simmering, the viruses would start spinning again, and the pistil would lust for the stamen, and if what passed for mankind was a doglike creature with ten heads, hat industries would flourish, rulers would be gloriously crowned, and Nature would be as satisfied and unimpressed as ever. She is divinely indifferent to details. So, without her, I have no rationalizations: I just don't want to give up my skin. It feels so good, especially in the sun or in the woods or in the sea or against another. Philosophy, politics, furniture, books, paintings, human relationships, the whole of Western civilization—none of it feels so good, none of it is me.

Obviously I am not the man for whom novels should be written, and yet I think I am precisely the man for whom serious modern novels *are* written, since I am one of the men they are written about. Look at four of the most influential novelists of the last twenty years: Camus, Genet, Beckett, and Robbe-Grillet. By influential I mean, of course, that which has impact on the thinking of those capable of thinking, and this, at least in France, is without reference to sales or to the behavior patterns of beatniks and college students. What these four men reveal is not only contemporary man's celebrated "alienation"

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and the cosmos's celebrated "absurdity"—these concepts, which in Europe are metaphysical, are, in this country, merely sociological, and therefore, when applied to the work of American writers, they are more relevant to Greenwich Village than to Ultimate Reality—but the progressive and increasing abandonment of any attempt to decide what is good in a universe in which all things are equal and equal to nothing. Camus, the most traditional, the gentlest, and the wisest of the four writers I've named, has his Stranger find, or fabricate, good in the idea that his own beheading will amuse others. Genet, the wildest and loveliest, still recognizes the need for a moral position, but unable to find one, he inverts the traditional one: dishonesty is better than honesty, cowardice is better than bravery, betrayal is better than loyalty, homosexuality is better than heterosexuality, and so on. (Incidentally, it is inconceivable that for the last twenty years this country has done without *Notre-Dame des Fleurs*—the greatest novel Genet or probably anyone else has produced in that time.) Beckett, the most boring and ungainly, throws up his hands in defeat, and his decrepit characters tie their shoelaces endlessly or pick their noses infinitely. Robbe-Grillet, who isn't the most anything except recent of the four, moves ahead radically. His protagonists simply do not exist; they may be inferred from the objects and situations they presumably perceive, but they do not exist. How is the good to be chosen if there is no one there to do the choosing?

Burroughs is actually Robbe-Grillet-Without-Tears. He is easier and more fun to read, very different in manner and technique, but his idea and effect are the same. According to literary legend, Allen Ginsberg, while visiting Burroughs in his Paris apartment sometime during the 1950's, found the floors littered with hundreds of sheets of paper that Burroughs had scrawled on while high on heroin. Ginsberg, it is said, gathered the papers together, read them with reverence, and put them into the form, or rather sequence, they now have. He needn't have bothered to sort them, since the book would have almost the same effect if he had shuffled the manuscript like a deck of cards.

The Naked Lunch appeared in Paris in 1959 as number 76 of The Traveller's Companion Series, those green-jacketed little volumes published by Olympia, the press to which the English-speaking world is indebted not only for an unceasing flow of well-written and clever pornography but also for keeping in print much of the work of Miller, Genet, and Sade, as well as John Cleveland's 18th-century masterpiece, *The Memoirs of Fanny Hill*. In the years between Olympia and Grove, *The Naked Lunch* dropped the definite article in its title and acquired an introduction and an appendix (informative essays on narcotics) as well as so great, notorious, and chic a reputation that if you happened to be square enough to dislike it, you immediately risked the scorn of those who were hipper than thou. Even Norman Mailer unpredictably mislaid himself long enough to write: "Burroughs is the only American novelist living today who may conceivably be possessed by genius."

WELL, *Naked Lunch* is no work of genius, but the first half of it is pleasantly readable without too much skipping, and the second half of it is pleasantly skippable without too much yawning. What has given Burroughs the air of genius, aside from the up-to-date erotic passages that stud the book, and aside from having his name connected with Ginsberg, Kerouac, and Corso, is that his implications are metaphysical, almost unique in an American, and that he follows the Europeans in his abandonment of the quest for a moral position. He is the first American novelist to be not merely childishly iconoclastic about his civilization, but to have turned his back upon it totally.

Though he reminds me of other writers, he falls short by comparison. In his tireless and tiresomely intellectual use of obscenities and in his shrieks of outrage, he is like an adolescent Henry Miller. In his savage political parodies, he is like a naive George Orwell. In his brutal sexual fantasies, he is like a timid Marquis de Sade. In his overpowering belief that the mention of petroleum jelly, baboons' behinds, and contraceptives will infallibly provoke laughter, no matter how many hundreds of times repeated, he is like a senile Joey Hirsch, the boy next door to me when I was ten.

But most of all he reminds me of Lewis Carroll. Whether or not Burroughs wrote his

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book in a narcotic trance, his debt to *Alice in Wonderland* is enormous, and to have got himself thus indebted is so right and so brilliant that it makes me wish I liked *Naked Lunch* better than I do. In attempting to write a novel that will pull the wash-plug out of the universe, that will wither with scorn and smear with muck all the works of man and God, what could be more superb or to the point than to take as one's method the method used in the most loved story of the English language?

Burroughs's rabbit hole is heroin, and like Alice he falls down, down, down—into a world of dreams. Unlike Alice's, his dreams are brief and unsustained, rarely lasting a page, often enough lasting barely more than a sentence or two. They are shattered, violent, haphazard, and their component images are drawn from almost every corner of contemporary life, almost every stretch of the human body. Nothing escapes the hiss and lava of his hatred. Flesh rots and tears, seals suddenly, rots and tears. Endless pairs of boys make love, breaking each other's neck for climax, dying, living, breaking, dying. It is all somehow a work of spite, a work of revenge—revenge against beer bottles and God, against matchsticks and love, against war and peace and Tolstoy and fingertips and sealing wax. Some of it is funny and some of it marvelously dirty, but it just goes on and on; it begins to sound like the whine of a girl who's been stood up. It begins to sound like a tantrum. The gigantic image of a man dumping a bucket of you-know-what on the universe turns into that of a child crying because he's lost his cookie. Burroughs, the girl, and the child have all lost their cookie, and all they want of course is another one.

If you take the trouble, you can probably relate the things and people and events in this book to your own life, just as we do with *Alice*, although only two or three times does Burroughs approach the precision, wit, and truth of Carroll. I want to quote one of these passages, for it will give you not only some idea of his method but also of how good he can so rarely be. I admit that this passage is somewhat untypical: it is more sustained, less violent, less dirty, better written—most of the book is in journalese—and more brilliant than Burroughs usually is.

> On stools covered in white satin sit naked Mugwumps sucking translucent, colored syrups through alabaster straws. Mugwumps have no liver and nourish themselves exclusively on sweets. Thin, purple-blue lips cover a razor-sharp beak of black bone with which they frequently tear each other to shreds in fights over clients. These creatures secrete an addicting fluid . . . which prolongs life by slowing metabolism. (In fact all longevity agents have proved addicting in exact ratio to their effectiveness in prolonging life.) Addicts of Mugwump fluid are known as Reptiles. A number of these flow over chairs with their flexible bones and black-pink flesh. A fan of green cartilage covered with hollow, erectile hairs through which the Reptiles absorb fluid sprouts from behind each ear. . . .
>
> During the biennial Panics when the raw, pealed Dream Police storm the City, the Mugwumps take refuge in the deepest crevices of the wall sealing themselves in clay cubicles and remain for weeks in biostasis. In those days of gray terror the Reptiles cart about faster and faster, scream past each other at supersonic speed, their flexible skulls flapping in black winds of insect agony.

Let us now make our adieux to Alice for we are returning to the 20th century where no good little girl belongs or is likely. We might as well also say goodbye to Burroughs, but not because he doesn't belong. We say goodbye because he isn't there, and I mean by this Burroughs the hero of the novel. He is a fantast created by narcotics, and his world is dreams in which he seldom figures. Who is the man? The man is no man, a receptacle of fantasies, like Robbe-Grillet's inferential man, who we presume has been created by narcotics. But this is only a presumption, since the author gives us no reason to believe that the dreamer isn't merely dreaming his own creation. It toils back upon itself. Life is a series of horrible and disconnected illusions which, alas, cannot even be relegated to the mind of a drug addict. The statement is absolute, the illusions are the whole of reality. But extend the implications further, to include yourself and myself. Who then are we, the dreamers who *may* not exist, or ghosts of the dream who then surely *do* not exist? And who then is dreaming us?

So if we take this back again to the moral

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quest, we find Burroughs holding hands with Robbe-Grillet in spite of their own non-existence. Well, what am I to do if writers will tell me that not only is there nothing worth giving up my skin for, but that I don't even have a skin to give up? I will not, of course, be logicked out of my body that easily, but out of the problem of the good—perhaps. It occurs to me that a search for the good is already an admission of defeat, for morality, as we all know, is necessary only between people who do not love each other. Where there is love, morality is superfluous.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

DAVID T. BAZELON's series on "The Paper Economy" (September, October, and November 1962) aroused a great deal of controversy.

STAUGHTON LYND's own piece on "Urban Renewal—For Whom?" was published in our January 1961 issue.

ROBERT V. DANIELS made his first appearance in COMMENTARY in October 1962 with the article "What the Russians Mean."

MARVIN FOX, who teaches philosophy at Ohio State University, reviewed Robert Gordis's *A Faith for Moderns* in our October 1961 issue.

ALFRED CHESTER has previously contributed reviews of John Updike (July 1962) and Vladimir Nabokov (November 1962).

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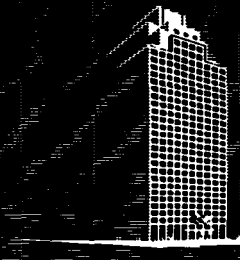

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